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By

WINSTON CHURCHILL
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VOLUME XXXII : NUMBER 11 : PRICE 10 CENTS

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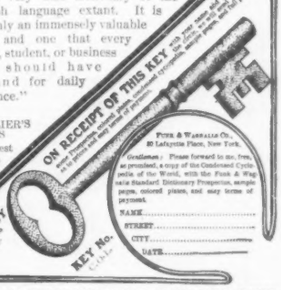


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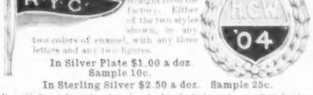


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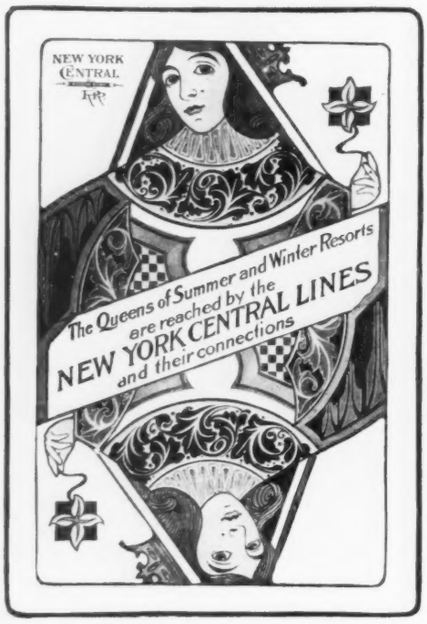


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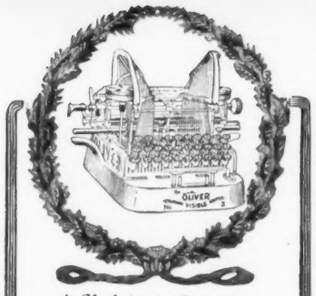

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Vol. XXXII No. 11 — 10 Cents per Copy — $5.20 per Year

New York, Saturday, December 12, 1903


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### The Lion's Mouth—December Contest

The twenty prizes, aggregating $329.00, for the December Lion's Mouth contest will be awarded to those contestants submitting the **best list of suggestions for signed articles of special interest.** The articles suggested may be in a series or wholly unrelated. Answers must reach this office, addressed to The Lion's Mouth, not later than January 5, 1904.

*The winners of the Lion's Mouth contest for October will be announced next week.*


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**PRICES** for first-class squabs are increasing yearly. Now is the time to start a flock and get into first-class order. Small space is required. Our farm is only five acres; the birds and buildings occupy less than half an acre. An old barn or hen-house is easily and cheaply remodeled for squabs. Send us your name and address on a postal now and our Free Book will go to you by return mail.
**Plymouth Rock Squab Co.**, 5 Friend St., **Boston, Mass.**

THE ALTON'S 1904 COW-BOY GIRL

TRADE-MARK

"Sequel to the Fencing Girl."

Copyright, 1903, by Chicago & Alton Railway.

**ART CALENDAR**

Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors by a process far superior to last year's calendar. Highest example of lithographic art.

"THE ONLY WAY"

to own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, CHICAGO, ILL.

The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PEORIA. Take the "Alton" to the St. Louis World's Fair, 1904.



**YOU CAN SUCCEED**

in the Poultry Business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book.

"POULTRY FOR PROFIT"

Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for **singles, pairs, trios and pens**, and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It costs too much money and time to be given away, but sent for **10c.**

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Freeport, Ill.



ONLY **10c** POST PAID

**WURLITZER'S**

U. S. Lettered Fingerboard

**For Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Violin.**

Learn without a teacher. Saves time and worry. Attach in a minute. State kind of instrument. **SPECIAL OFFER**—Fingerboard and celebrated "Howard" Self-Instructor, regular price 50c., postpaid, for 25c. Illustrated catalogs, with net prices on every known musical instrument, **SENT FREE** if you state article wanted. Write to-day.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., 163 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

# IF YOU COULD MAKE $5,000 FOR $6. A MONTH

## TILL YOU'D PAID $540—WOULD YOU DO IT?

WE put the above startling headline at the top of our advertisement for two purposes—one, to induce every reader of COLLIER'S to at least read the advertisement through. Second, in the hope that at least half of them will let us tell our story and endeavor to prove that we have an investment in New York real estate which will bring you thousands of dollars in return for your investing $10 down and $6 per month. We know we have one of the greatest propositions in real estate ever offered in the history of great cities, and our difficulty is not to convince you, but to get the chance of presenting the fact to you.

$540 invested for a child will put him through college; $540 invested for a young married couple will go far toward making them independent in their old years; $540 invested by a young man or a young woman will, in our opinion, pay them better than any life insurance they can possibly take out, and this $540 can be invested at $6 a month.

## 5,500 Investors Bought $4,660,000 Worth of our New York Lots in 14 months

Over four and a half million dollars!—that's the forceful story of our real estate sales in fourteen months. We ask *you* to dwell on these figures long enough to realize—to understand what they really mean. These four and a half million dollars actually represent the *confidence* which the thousands who have invested in our New York City lots have in us. *You*, perhaps, have not yet invested—not ever investigated our wonderful proposition:—

# $10 Secures a $540 Lot in Greater New York

Copyright, 1901, Underhill

**Within 35 Minutes of These Skyscrapers, by Trolley, 5c.**

This is a high-class and strictly honest proposition, or you may be sure COLLIER'S would not permit our announcement to appear. Nor would we have the privilege of referring to a dozen National Banks, the Commercial Agencies, and over 30,000 customers all over the United States.

Does n't it seem fair to presume that the same reasons which convinced so many thousands of practical thinking men and women everywhere of the undoubted value of our proposition, would convince YOU? Is n't it worth the time at least to send us your name to-day—and learn how you may make thousands by paying $10 down and $6 a month until your payments amount to $540—and in the meantime own the safest form of investment in the world?

This may sound extravagant—yet every statement we make is based upon fact. It is in evidence—it can be verified—it can be SEEN. Naturally we will be accused of being biased in our opinions—of painting New York's future in too rosy colors—but listen!

## HERE'S THE OPINION AND ADVICE

OF ONE OF THE

## World's Greatest Investors and Financiers, RUSSELL SAGE

(From the *New York World* of September 28th, 1902.)

"I do not think the future of New York can be depicted in terms any too glowing. The most fanciful writers cannot exaggerate the greatness of its future.

"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. *Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.*

***"Young man, buy real estate in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual avocation. Your real estate purchases will make your old age comfortable."*** ***RUSSELL SAGE.***

***Our property is located in Brooklyn—it is therefore a very significant fact when Mr. Sage says "BROOKLYN IS GROWING AT THE RATE OF 75,000 PEOPLE A YEAR." Think of it! That means THREE-FOURTHS of all of New York's enormous yearly increase of population.***

# FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living east of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away we will pay a proportion equal to round trip Chicago ticket—$36.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed of the lot without further cost. You have absolutely nothing to lose by writing at once for full particulars, or better still—mail us $10, the first payment on a lot, **with the distinct understanding that we must return it to you if we have misrepresented our proposition in the slightest particular. Write under all circumstances.** You would not be fair to yourself if you failed to look into this matter. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us to-day. That costs two cents and a minute's time. *Is n't it worth while?*

## WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. AB 9, 257 Broadway, NEW YORK

**Messrs. WOOD, HARMON & CO., Dept. AB 9, New York City**

*Please send me full particulars in regard to your New York Lots; (or) Enclosed find $.....as first payment on.....lot.....on your New York properties.*
*(Leave* **order** *line blank if information only is desired.)*

*Name*.....

*Street and No*.....

*City and State*.....

**Unusual Opportunities for a limited number of energetic men of unquestioned reputation to act as our permanent representatives in their own community. Write us for particulars, addressing "Agency Dept. AB 9," as above.**

COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903

AT THE PORTRAIT SHOW—HIS FIRST PICTURE

DRAWN BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MR. BRYAN'S TRIP ABROAD is made at a felicitously chosen moment. It will do us no harm and it may give him fresh life. His present gospel has been delivered and pondered by the American people, and, as he is a comparatively young, gifted, and intelligent man, he may return with his brain full of seeds which will affect the intellectual landscape of the next thirty years. Our statesmen have always happily been taught by experience. Mr. Bryan is as likely to modify his ideas and broaden his horizon as much, before he gets through, as Mr. McKinley modified and broadened his. He is a strong and honest man, and the company of the people he is meeting in his trip abroad will make its impression. They will probably like him, for they will see in him fresh Western thought, a tempting soil on which to drop an occasional idea. He has received some impression of Mr. Balfour, and of what Mr. Chamberlain calls his "kingly silence" in the whirlwind of abuse; another of the powerful Chamberlain himself, and a third of Lord Rosebery, now valiantly defying that "modern Jeremiah," who might equally well be called a modern Goliath, with his David still to find. Perhaps he will meet the Kaiser, bravely struggling with manifold problems, his own disease among the rest. At any rate, being well received, he will have some of the best European thought and principle hospitably offered to him, and if he does not return, perhaps defiant, but yet secretly brooding, he will prove less equal to his opportunities than we imagine him to be.

MR. BRYAN IN EUROPE

MR. CLEVELAND'S CAREER seems to be completed. By his absolute refusal to run again for the Presidency, he has put an end to any belief that his biography would need many chapters dealing with the future. There might—there may, in fact—be one or two which treat of matters happening after 1903, but they will be private pictures, as fitting an end as any to the narrative of a busy life. There is no living American politician who looms so large upon the horizon of what is already history as Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Roosevelt is extremely prominent, and his chances for appearing large to posterity are good, but he will be on trial probably for more than half a dozen years to come—possibly for more than a quarter of a century—and until his trial is over his appearance to the future will be uncertain. Mr. Cleveland has lived long enough to see himself established, not certainly in the short list of greatest Americans, but in that other list, also brief, of those political figures which are lasting and substantial. He has made many enemies, but they are largely among those, whether politicians or private beneficiaries of various laws and customs, whose interests he has subordinated to his conception of right and the public good, and making enemies in such a cause is a foundation stone of fame. He has accomplished something, in the line of concrete enactment, but his influence has been greater in the vague realm of example. At a time when his party was uncertain and divided he has stood securely for his principles, with less of the experimental than most American politicians. He has been identified with strictness and reform in government, topics which are evidently to be alive for many years to come. He rose, without the minor charms, because he could work much and rightly, and he kept his standing because he was seen to be a man fit for high places. Whoever writes his biography, telling the individual life and setting it in a vivid picture of political conditions since the Civil War, will have a topic big enough to make it his own fault if the biography is not great.

GROVER CLEVELAND

THE LAST STAND OF ASIA against conquering Europe is now being made by Japan. Small, poor, alone, she faces a great continent which already practically belongs to the energetic nations from the West. Because she is alert and brave, and may some day head a war against the invading races, she is called the yellow peril. Asia has sent conquering hordes to Europe and more than once changed the face of Western civilization. She has had vast and famous countries in her own long past. China has been alive and great, although now plunged in a stupor from which she may awake soon, late, or never. Persia, once superb, is little but a vassal, and India is actually the property of a distant isle. Europe, in victory hardly so haughty as the conquered East, is now looking on with divided sympathies while the last stronghold of the fighting spirit in Asia is looking around, apparently in vain, for money enough to justify her in striking the first blow against her huge and possibly unwieldy foe. The threatened conflict is not like many wars, mere accidents, expressions of bad temper, or schemes of rulers. It is as justifiable as the laws of Darwin. Russia and Japan can not both breathe freely in the Orient. One or the other must be cramped in opportunity and warped in development. Each is acting upon the law of self-preservation, not as a pretext, but as an immediate, pressing necessity. If Russia wins, Europe becomes rapidly more like Asia. If Japan is the victor, the continent of so many glories may have a future of its own.

THE FATE OF ASIA

MR. MORGAN'S PRESTIGE as a putter-out of merchantable securities is just now in eclipse. It was a wonderful beacon and shone marvellously bright and handsome. Just now it blinks dubiously along with all, or almost all, the beacons of like species. There is a time for putting out and a time for pulling in, a time for activity and a time for repose. This, in so far as concerns the marketing of new securities, is a time of profound repose. But with Mr. Morgan the end is not yet. He is no longer a young man, but events move rapidly in these days, and it may turn out that he is young enough to retrick his beacons and shine more brilliantly than ever. The bears may not always have their way with his steel stocks. Just now, while his prestige is dimmed, one of the interesting stories about is that the great Jewish financiers of the world are well content that it should be so. No one ever called Mr. Morgan an anti-Semite, nor was there ever any basis that we know of for charging him with prejudice of that sort, but he was the world's leading financier, and he was not only not a Jew but a rather militant and positive Christian. And it happened, they say, that when Mr. Morgan had bargains or opportunities to distribute, they fell for the most part into Christian hands. That was natural enough, and so doubtless it is natural enough that now, when Mr. Morgan's marked-down bargains are on the world's counters in unexpected profusion, the great Jewish bankers should look at them askance. How hath the mighty fallen, is the word, and there are those, they tell us, who, remembering Zion, pass it along to London, to Paris, to Berlin, to Vienna, and on, generally, to Jerusalem. That is an interesting story if it is true, and it may be there is just truth enough in it to talk about. Certainly dispassionate observers who recognize the notable strain of fiscal talent in the Jewish blood have long noticed with interest that in New York, though the Jewish financiers were of weight and potency, and included honored men of great and enviable reputation, the very top men in the business were not of that race. No doubt, the Jewish bankers have observed the same thing, and the kindred fact that though we have many big Jewish fortunes, the phenomenal American fortunes have all, so far, been gathered by men of one or another strain of Gentile breeding. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Hill, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Gould, Mr. Carnegie, all master-players and winners in the great game of get and keep, are none of them of the Semitic persuasion, though some of them are intimately mixed up in these days with the Jewish financiers.

WEALTH AND RACE

QUOTING MR. MORLEY'S SAYING at Nottingham, that it ought to be part of a man's religion that his country be well governed, London papers find reason to think that in America it is part of a man's private income that his city be ill governed. "And the twist," they add, "runs through American political life, where 'lobbying'—or the appeal to private profit in matters of public interest—is the rule, and even Alaskan arbitrators are selected not from the ranks of impartial jurists, but from partisans with their decision already in their pockets." It is true that it might have been possible and preferable for the President to have found commissioners more open-minded about the Alaskan boundary than Messrs. Lodge and Root, but it has not been suggested that our commissioners were more partisan than those from Canada. In municipal affairs, it *is*, to be sure, a part of some men's private income that the city be ill governed, yet our largest city is, in some ways, not so ill governed as London. New York is better lighted and better watered than London, and more is doing here, and will be done, to relieve congestion and make public transportation cheap and rapid, than there. Nor is the late election so sure a sign of a preference for misgovernment as it seems, reasonably enough, three thousand miles away. The "twist that runs through American political life"

LONDON AND NEW YORK

differs from the twist that runs through English political life, as it is portrayed to us, in this: that here, some competent men try to make their public service promote their private gains, and there, some less competent men serve the public to its hurt but without much profit to themselves. We have many public servants of the first rank, both in efficiency and in unselfish devotion, and as for the rest it may perhaps be argued that, while selfishness in matters of public interest is hurtful, so is incompetence, and, although it is unfortunate that an individual should make a profit out of a public benefit skilfully achieved, it is also unfortunate that every one, the public included, should make a loss.

WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS

"WILL YOU KINDLY TELL US benighted Canucks," asks a Canadian reader, "wherein the judiciality of your representatives consisted—we had, and have, an idea that they went to England with their minds made up and that all the instructions they got were like those Sir William Van Horne gave the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, when the newspapers were dilating on the dangerous racing of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railroad trains running into Montreal. After spending half an hour repeating what the editors had said, and warning them himself of the dangers of such racing, he perorated with 'God help the engineer, all the same, who lets a Grand Trunk train get into Montreal ahead of him.'" We have just answered this objection to Mr. Roosevelt's appointments with a *tu quoque*, which we frankly admit is not the most satisfactory reply. When we spoke of the decision as "judicial," we referred to the deciding voice of the Lord Chief Justice of England. On the other point of morals raised against us, and partly answered in the preceding paragraph, we also summarize an intelligent contribution from Louisville, Kentucky. That town, it declares, is astounded at the revelation that her fire department harbors thieves. At the recent big Masonic Temple fire, the first act of many of the firemen was carefully to select what they wanted for themselves from the stocks of the stores on the ground floor, letting the fire rage above. Detectives searching the engine houses and the salvage corps house found rich jewelry and silverware, pipes, and wearing apparel, while in the half-burned shoe store were found the discarded shoes of some of the firemen—they took their time and got a good fit. Considerable capital is being made of the rottenness revealed by the Republican and independent papers, it being a well-known fact, as our correspondent expresses it, that the fire department and the police have been the perpetrators of systematic intimidation and bribery at recent elections. "Evidently the 'boys in the trenches' are losing the ability to distinguish between stealing an election and taking a watch." The difference, however, may be impressed upon them, as the strongest denunciation is printed in their own party organ, and the Mayor is out with a strong declaration. Nevertheless, some "pulls" are stronger than mayors or newspapers. To this kind of disease we certainly are far more subject than our English cousins. By Englishmen the Representative from Indiana, who is reputed to have applied his postal frank recently to a collection of packages weighing altogether fifteen hundred pounds, would hardly be looked upon as honest.

DEVELOPMENTS IN DIVORCE

THE DIVORCEE IS NOT FORGOTTEN by our statesmen. A bill has been prepared, for introduction in the United States Senate, providing for the restoration to citizenship of American women who have married aliens, when such women have become separated from their husbands and foreign alliances, either by death or by divorce. This bill has our approval. Some foreign alliances are made for love, and some which are made for glamour turn out happily, but many of them, arranged by ambition, end in misery, and it may be well to encourage the victims to return to America, eat the fatted calf, and spread among their sisters the tidings that, among uncertainties which can not be escaped, the best plan is still to follow the affections, advised and guided by the mind and conscience. Ambition for women can not be separated entirely from marriage, which makes so great a difference in their status, but the crude case of marrying for title or money entirely without love or common interest must remain too sordid a struggle upward. A uniform divorce law, if it could be agreed upon by the States, would certainly affect the mood in which Americans enter into matrimony, and so would be a force working toward the ideal. Even with judges, lawyers, and referees remaining corrupt enough to procure decrees through obvious perjury, the ease of changing partners would be much diminished if even a very liberal divorce law were agreed upon by all the States. A national law, as long ago explained in these columns, would be unconstitutional as destroying a South Dakota industry.

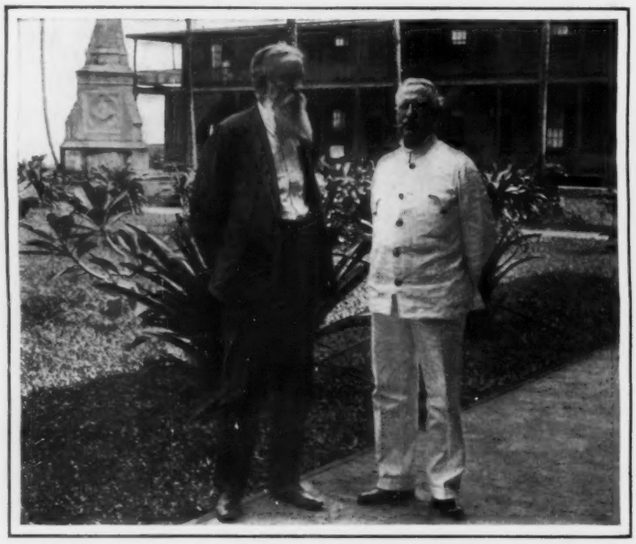
DISCOURAGED FLAT-DWELLERS

"IRRELIGION IN FLATS" is but one of the many warnings that have recently shown both press and clergy to be fully aroused against the apartment-house in our large cities as a menace to society. "Flat-dwellers," says one divine, "are an incubus," and he hastily adds that he means any kind of flat-dweller. They are nomads and plant no trees. They keep their home feelings in a storage warehouse. Such sentimental associations as they have are ripped up on May 1 along with the carpets. They can no more take root than a pot of geraniums on the fire-escape, and from the sixteenth floor of the "Pocahontas" they roam to the sixth of the "Vallombrosa" without a pang. Where is home? It is bumping along in five vanloads convoyed by a band of brigands who are wrenching off its legs. Family ties can not hold out against it. "The apartment peril," says another clergyman, "is the deadliest we have to face." Nothing gives them any comfort. The home may be doomed, but why should they not have noticed it until the last two months? Tom Moore noticed it in 1810. Charles Dickens found us a nation of boarders, so he said, with no more home-life than would go in a hat-box. And fifty years ago a distinguished foreign visitor who turned up on May-day in an American city found every house gutted and all its domestic vitals in the streets. The home-life has always been doomed, and doomed worse the further back you go. In 1850, coffin nails were the only kind that would hold down the family; yet here we are, many of us feeling just as virtuous as if we kept a cow. No moss ever gathers on the old dumb-waiter or ivy on the crumbling janitor, and no man when he leaves it ever feels flat-sick for the sight of it again; but it is not because he is stingy that he has no home. If the clergy would endow him instead of rebuking him, he would sin no more. Meanwhile, if he must stay on in the flat, why not tell him that he can be good there?

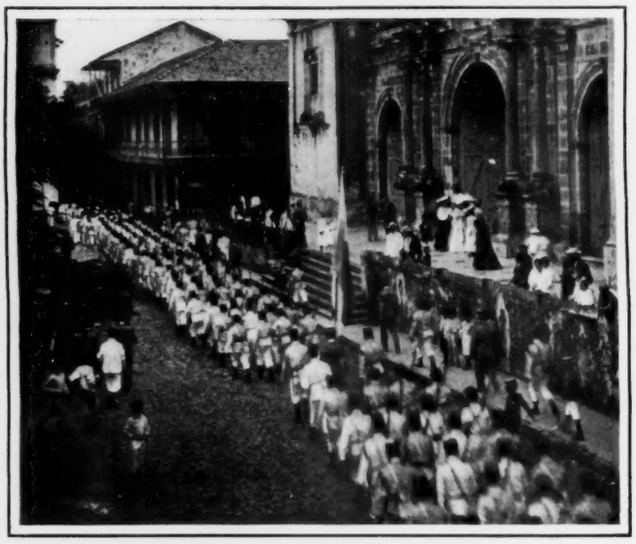
MARK TWAIN FOR PRESIDENT

THE INTERVIEW FLOURISHES in America and France, the only two countries which have developed it into a literary form. Mr. William Archer has been experimenting elaborately with it in England, which will doubtless soon practice the art more generally. That Italy has scarcely learned the rudiments is apparent, whenever the interview is attempted. Mark Twain and his family arrived in Florence a few weeks ago, when he was promptly tracked to his hotel and subjected to this modern instrument of torture or delight. The result would bring a smile of gentle pity to our journalists, so little did the American humorist appear, so much was it routine Italian sentiment. The dark-haired daughters were turned into blondes to fit the picture in the visitor's fancy, and the humorist, with his love of familiar dialect, was made to talk radiantly about "the sunny kiss of the Florence Hills." The Italian talked much of the time himself, but in the course of his long and poetic screed he casually admitted one element of news. Mark Twain is to run for President. His trip is for the purpose of learning a language spoken in America by a vast body of voters, the number being rapidly increased by the enormous immigration from Southern Italy. He hopes to gain the Italians especially, and enough others to secure election, on the platform that the best of life consists of a little laughter and a little love. We suspect the Italian of adding the love, but Mr. Clemens was evidently correctly quoted for the issue, which would be the gay in politics against the tedious. Having divulged this candidacy to American readers, we expect the party leaders on both sides to consider Mr. Clemens seriously. Mr. Jerome, in the last New York campaign, attacked Mayor Low for deficiency in humor, and for being unlovable. An observer remarked that Mr. Jerome might love something else—his wife, for instance, hired girl, or dog. His other requisite for a successful politician will certainly be supplied when Mark Twain is fairly launched in his struggle toward the White House. Either Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Roosevelt would do for his opponent. As each of them is stronger in other virtues than in humor, the issue of what is most important in a statesman would be fairly raised.

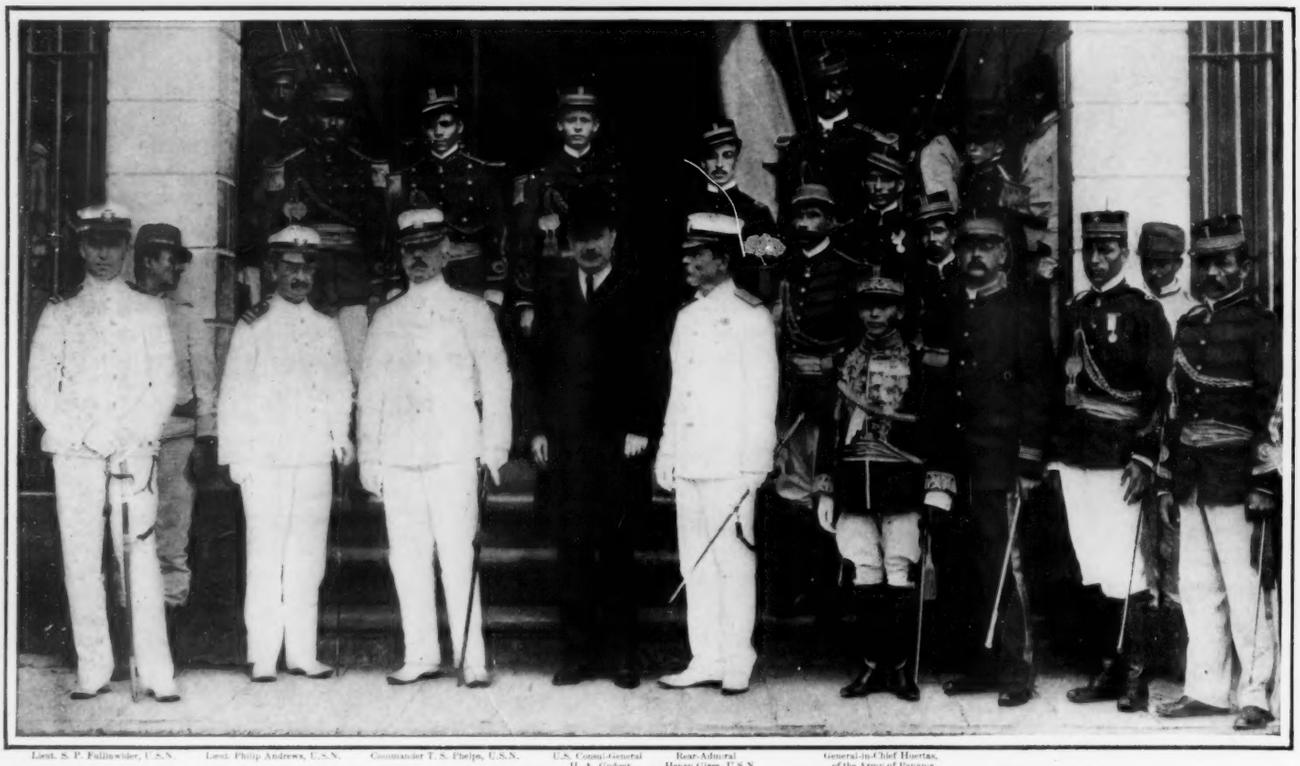
SENOR D'OBARRIO, SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA, ADDRESSING THE TROOPS ON THE PLAZA DES ARMAS, PANAMA, NOVEMBER 22



REAR-ADMIRALS J. G. WALKER AND J. B. COGHLAN, U.S.N., AT COLON



PANAMANIAN TROOPS PARADING PAST THE CATHEDRAL, PANAMA



Lieut. S. P. Fullinwider, U.S.N. Lieut. Philip Andrews, U.S.N. Commander T. S. Phelps, U.S.N. U.S. Consul-General H. A. Gudger Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, U.S.N. General-in-Chief Huertas, of the Army of Panama

AMERICAN AND PANAMANIAN OFFICIALS IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT PANAMA

# KEEPING THE PEACE IN PANAMA

Photographs by James H. Hare, Special Photographer for Collier's Weekly

# SEVEN DAYS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S EVENTS

## WILL THE HOUSE REGAIN ITS POWER?

"Gorman, a Senator before he is a boss"

IT DEPENDS upon the man. During Henderson's speakership profound things were written about epoch-making tendencies. Pessimists foresaw an oligarchy of millionaires with the Representatives as their Prætorian guards. As usual, they were wrong; they had mistaken a temporary condition for a permanent influence. They had all their worry because the Speaker was from the same State as the soft-spoken Allison. Henderson was elected because he was such a good fellow. Once installed, he became more arbitrary than his predecessor. Allison's wishes became his gospel. He used the method by which Reed maintained the majesty of the House to make it the servant of the Senate.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon is from Illinois, however, and between Iowa and Illinois there is a broad river. He is the product of growth and long service, balanced by simple common-sense. He is not confident of his superior genius and correspondingly contemptuous of the average mind as Reed was. Power has not carried him off his feet. He has character enough to get out of the Reed habit, which is a bad habit for any man except such a masterful one as Reed. Instead of shuffling in another man's shoes, Cannon is filling his own.

The Reed spirit is ceasing to prevail in the Lower House, though the Reed rules must prevail in a body of such cumbrous size. These rules are sufficient for their author's fame. They substituted businesslike execution for filibustering. When Reed went further and killed the power of the House as a deliberative body, he was a splendid but not a useful exhibition of one-man power. To him, the Democrats were so many unpleasant obstacles. Cannon has recognized that they are actually members of the House. Reed assigned them to committees according to his own sweet will. Cannon has consulted John Sharp Williams. This helps Williams to fasten his hold on the leadership of the Democrats, who have not been thoroughly united behind any man since Carlisle.

"Allison, the watchful, never strikes a false note"

And nothing is so needful in Government by parties as that both the ins and outs should be intelligently organized for the advancement of policies, on the one hand, and forceful consistent criticism, on the other. When the outs are weak, the ins become careless of the people's interests and slothful, if not corrupt. Just as the Senate Democrats and the Senate Republicans have held together when the dignity and the privileges of the Senate were at stake, so the two parties in the Lower House must unite for the same object, or else the Senate will have more than its share of power.

When the Senate found it more convenient and pleasant to adjourn over Thanksgiving, the new Speaker showed his mettle by declaring that the House was ready to do business and would continue in session. This was merely laying the hand on the hilt of one of those weapons which Henderson passed over to Allison, with the point turned toward himself. The re-establishment of the prestige of the House is the most salutary change that the new Congress promises.

That the Senate has had more than its fair share of power is not due entirely to the five-minute rule in the lower chamber, as opposed to unlimited debate in the upper. Unlimited debate allows of filibustering. It can not prevent one-man rule. The reason why there has been no one-man rule in either party in the Senate is patent. There has been no one man equal to it. The parties in the Senate have always had the good fortune to be led by groups of able men. If Reed himself had been in the Senate, he would have found there minds who would not have taken his orders. He might have expounded policies on the floor, but these policies would have been threshed out in council with others.

"Bailey is young; he can afford to wait"

The rulers for the Republicans are Aldrich, Allison, Spooner, Platt of Connecticut, and Hale; for the Democrats, Gorman, Bailey, Cockrell, and Morgan. Other Senators may be great in reputation throughout the land; they may be after-dinner speakers; they may have made Presidents; they may have made fifty millions in copper. But once they are under the dome of the Capitol, they find themselves in a field requiring different tactics, experience, and talent. Experience, above all, counts. Every one of the real masters of legislation has grown up in the business. He is the product of great talent and long training.

There has been talk that the old Republican group was about to be broken. That is to be expected at the outset of every session; thus far, it has not been verified by facts. Aldrich and Allison remain the Republican wheel horses. Allison is a Nestor whose beard is not yet white. He acts what he thinks; he never talks it. One colleague said that he could walk the length of Pennsylvania Avenue in new boots and not make a sound. "Yes, he would make a sound," another added, "but he would not strike a false note." Once when he was campaigning in Iowa one of his partisans made a bet that the other could not commit him to a definite opinion on anything that was not self-evident. The test came when a flock of sheep passed by. "They have just been sheared, Senator," said the man who was to lose his money, for the Senator replied, "They have on this side."

"Platt (of Conn.) the Republican wise man"

One does not wonder that Allison holds his age so well. His soft and easy method prevents even Father Time from taking yearly toll. Stolidly he sits, listening to the information that comes as a tribute to his position, or which he knows how to extract when it is not offered. Republican Senators consult him as regularly as they respond to the roll-call. When Aldrich enters from the lobby and talks energetically to him, you understand how completely the "Congressional Record" fails to record the actual processes by which our laws are made. Aldrich, masterful, planning, permeates all things. He comes nearer to ruling the Senate than any other one man. Neither the voice of this strategist and tactician, nor of his colleague, the watchful councillor, is often heard on the floor. Spooner is the giant expounder of policy. Hale is another. Hale and Aldrich are the only rich men of the great Republicans in the Senate. Hale's masterful manner has the touch of aristocracy. Spooner's sweeping strokes are truly of the Northwest. Hale's wealth has been a drawback. Aldrich made his fortune incidentally. He is a Senator, not a money-maker, by choice. As for the power of the millionaire, consider Clark of Montana! As you watch him in that serene chamber, whose business goes on with the sweep of a great river, he seems insignificant. In Wall Street it would be as easy as it is difficult in the Senate to realize that this little man, so diligent at his desk, starting in life as a frontier storekeeper, amassed sixty or seventy millions. He is always present, always working, but he is as far from Senatorial importance as Chauncey Depew. At the age of fifty you can no more begin to learn how to legislate than how to run a steel mill.

"'Hoar is never on the inside of anything'"

Of all the rich men, Hanna has come the nearest to being a great Senator. If speeches counted, he would be one, but speeches count only a certain number of points, like recitations at school. His argument for the Panama route was the only talk in the Senate in modern times that has made votes. Had he served as long an apprenticeship in the business as Allison or Hale, no doubt he would be one of the masters. But then he could never have been a great campaign manager or a captain of industry. Beside Cockrell or Platt of Connecticut, he is what the capitalist or farseeing promoter of enterprises is to the engineer.

Cockrell is the Democratic wise man; Platt of Connecticut the Republican wise man. When they meet in technical controversy—and how they do enjoy each other!—what they are talking about is as Greek as ballistics to the average mil-

"Payne has all 'round preparedness" "Cannon believes in team work"

"Cockrell, the Democratic wise man"

"De Armond, with his keen legal mind"

lionaire member. Cockrell's eyes twinkle through his spectacles, but his face is as expressionless as his old-fashioned chin whisker. When Platt of Connecticut is interested, you may know it by the nervous movement of his foot.

Both may seem to be nodding, but let a mistake in procedure be made and it is instantly evident that they have heard every word spoken. It was Platt of Connecticut who wrote that famous amendment that stands as a warning to Cuba. The Republicans turn to him for phraseology that only bullets can puncture.

His face, at once scholarly, judicial, and acute, is as different from the other Platt's as his mind. Platt of New York and Quay are the two great bosses pure and simple who hold seats in the Senate. Their Senatorial power is that of political appointments from the two most populous States in the Union. The work that both love is politics. They are in the Senate because the Senate happens to be the thing, as it is for certain millionaires whose ambitions run that way.

Overstreet—"a type among the coming men"

Gorman is another boss, but a Senator before he is a boss. When you have that combination, you have a Presidential possibility, which never exists in a man who is simply a great Senator or a great boss. Gorman and Bailey are the Democratic leaders. Bailey is young. He can afford to wait, but he is not inclined to wait too much on Gorman. His mind is incisive, his method of attack direct. Gorman's mind is subtle, his method that of foresight and suavity. He has conspicuously the quality of organization. Party discussion he would have carried on exclusively in the committee room. He would not have a dozen Democrats raising a dozen different issues. He would aim at the bullseye instead of at the horizon; so would Bailey. But the difficulty is as to who should place the target and name the ranges.

"Williams, alert, cool-headed, logical"

Morgan is the prophet of the Senate. He has literally as well as figuratively a long head. He talks a good deal, but garrulity is the privilege of a prophet growing old. In his case it has not interfered at all with his wisdom in counsel. And there is something in gray hair in this age of young men which is still commanding in the higher legislative body. The old Senator not only knows his Senate, but knows his Senators. In a sentence, the portrait of a colleague is drawn. When some one remarked that Hoar's autobiography contained no new material, another venerable Senator said of the author: "He has never been on the 'inside' of anything in the Senate. He is a talker."

Most of the great Senators served their apprenticeship in the House. Beveridge is the conspicuous example of a hopeful leader who did not. "When the young man from Indiana first came," said the venerable colleague, "he was going to tell us what to do. Then he concluded to learn, and now he is learning quite fast. That shows he has depth."

In the House there are a number of young men who will be leaders one day if they bear out their present promise. They are not rich; they do not belong to that class of prodigies who flash into Congress in the twenties and flicker out—a class as fleeting and of as little account as the ever-changing delegation from New York City. Big Tim Sullivan is big in the New York newspapers, but in his seat he is as small as Clark. If a new Congressman wishes to become a legislative leader, he is wise not to have his name prominent in the big dailies. A headline is a rocket whose stick falls with unerring aim.

"Clark, always present, always working"

The men who rise are country lawyers. They enter the House when they are in the early thirties, not as the result of an accidental combination in politics, but as the result of steady development. Therefore, they can hold their home districts, continuous re-election being the first premise of a career. They practice the swing before they drive off; they listen when the old leaders talk; they are attentive but not oratorical on the floor; and, finally, and that is the great thing, they work hard on their committees. The day comes when their knowledge puts them to the front in committee-room discussion.

Of this type among the coming men are Hemenway, Overstreet, Minor, Tawney, and Sherman. They are not politicians; they do not look to the House as a stepping-stone to a governorship, as Odell and so many others have; they simply want to be legislators. And when the Governors come back to Washington to face them on their own ground, the Governors are always outclassed. Sherman takes the chair when Cannon is absent. If we elected a Speaker for his fitness for presiding alone, as the British do, he would be next in line of promotion. We have heard little of Hemenway of Indiana, but we shall hear a great deal before this session is done. He is to have charge of a committee through whose hands may pass appropriations to the total of a billion dollars. Ability to "hold this job down" requires no gallery play. Tawney is a whip. Overstreet and Minor are leaders.

"Hale's money has been a drawback"

For the Democrats two men stand out. There are none abler on either side than John Sharp Williams or De Armond, with his keen legal mind. Williams, scarcely known to the country as a whole six weeks ago, represents the South at its best. His training and education belong to the opposite pole from the Tillman school. If any member is free from the taint of provincialism it is he. Alert, cool-headed, logical, and resourceful, in place of the sporadic attacks of the last session he promises to substitute constructive criticism which will go far toward retrieving his party's fortunes in the House.

The Appropriations Committee is really the great committee of the House, except when a tariff bill is on. Then the Ways and Means overshadows it. The Ways and Means is the show committee. It confers the leadership of the House. Mr. Payne is not a dashing leader; he is simply equipped with all-round preparedness and Nestorian prestige. If he had a beard he would look even more grandfatherly than Grosvenor. Dalzell, Grosvenor, and Cannon, by being a majority of the Committee of Rules, are supposed to rule the House. They do in technical procedure, but all the ability is not on the Committee of Rules.

This fact Cannon recognizes. Though himself one of that arbitrary trio he seems inclined to arrest the committee's influence so far as it is stifling. He consults all leaders; he believes in team work. If in union there is strength, union with enthusiasm is stronger. Union with enthusiasm is his weapon against the Senate.

"Tawney (of Minn.) is a whip"

Washington of the correspondents, the residents and the average member, so easily does it fall into a habit, was amazed that Uncle "Joe" should throw down the gauntlet to the Senate. "How can the humble Lower contend with the lordly Upper House?" asks Washington. "Why, the Senate will hold up the appropriation bills. They've done it more than once, too." As if appropriation bills must not originate in the House! As if the House could not in turn hold up the Senate's amendments!

The Senate is never angry unless it is pretty hard hit. When Democratic and Republican leaders alike in the Upper House storm at "Uncle Joe" and "Sharp," you may know that the new régime has found a joint in the Senate armor. The President is said to be taking sides with the Speaker. In the play of forces his is the third elective factor to be reckoned with. Cleveland defied the Senate; McKinley kept its favor by his consideration and his tact; Roosevelt, who has gone over their heads to their constituents, may find another weapon ready to hand.

"Spooner, the expounder of policies"

Again, it depends upon the man or the men. For a time, House or Senate or President may have an undue share of power. But such are the checks and balances that our forefathers established that the return of the equilibrium is as certain as the variation of human ability. The most dangerous thing of all would be absolute harmony among all three factors.

WHERE THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE WAS CONSUMMATED

In this building, the Cabildo, at New Orleans, France transferred to the United States sovereignty over the great Louisiana Territory. That ceremony will be re-enacted here on December 20, 1903, the one hundredth anniversary of the Purchase

## THE PASSING OF RURAL ISOLATION

WITHIN five years the independent telephone movement has placed nearly half a million American farmers in touch with their markets, their own communities, and the cities near them. The West began the movement and the Middle States then took it up. In New England it has had a decided influence in checking the exodus from the farms to the city.

In Central Michigan, one exchange, operated by a farmers' company, connects one hundred families, covering forty square miles of territory, at a cost of

three dollars a year for each telephone, one-tenth the charge of service from the big companies. The members built the line, and the local exchanges are in the country mills.

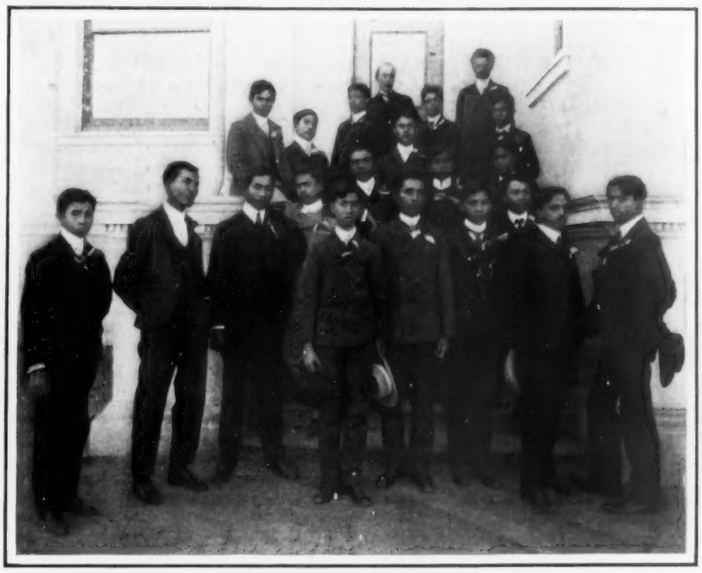
In an Ohio county, there are more than one thousand patrons of one consolidated rural service. Within five years the farmers' telephone lines in Indiana have increased from a few hundred to more than twenty thousand, while Michigan country dwellers have put fifteen thousand telephones in their homes in less than this time.

### *A Many-Sided Boon*

These systems are rapidly developing from the separate exchanges to consolidations and trunk lines, and a low-rate long-distance service. Many of these exchanges are connected with the regular long-distance companies at present, but the farmer has learned by experience that the established corporations make enormous profits over cost of maintenance, and he proposes to pocket them himself. The field for further consolidation is a vast one. Ohio has three hundred and sixty-seven independent exchange systems, Indiana three hundred and fifty, and Illinois nearly three hundred. New Hampshire has made a brave beginning with twenty-four exchanges, bringing her rocky little farms in touch with the busy world.

The benefits of this movement are manifold. The farmer has found that he saves many times the cost of the service by keeping close to market quotations for his products. When he finds he can sell to advantage he loads his wagons. He spares himself and his help useless trips over bad roads. One community of Western farmers was about to sell broom-corn for sixty dollars a ton to outside buyers, when their own telephone service told them that the market was swiftly rising. They held on and got two hundred and forty dollars a ton before the end of the season.

Isolated districts have been made safe against molestation by tramps; the women folks have a new and priceless sense of security when alone on the farm. The "shut-in" life of the wife and children is of the past, when much of this telephone business is in neighborly gossip with friends scattered over a dozen or twenty miles around. "Party wires" enable the housewife to break in and hear the gossip of the community sifting through her house, an inestimable boon on the lonely farm.



FILIPINO STUDENTS IN CALIFORNIA

These nineteen boys, natives of various Philippine provinces, are being educated at San Diego. After four years' study they will return to their homes to become teachers or to enter the civil service

## HOSTS OF POLICE AND ONE CRANK

"WHAT are we coming to?" was the question asked by many persons when they heard of the unexampled arrangements made by the police for the protection of the President during his brief stay in New York City at the funeral of the late James King Gracie. Then came the startling news that in spite of all precautions a crank had succeeded in making his way to the President, and it was keenly realized that the handbag carried by a harmless maniac might just as well have contained dynamite as samples of patent medicine. The incident, although ridiculous in its immediate aspect, may lead to still more rigorous measures. What we "may be coming to" is indicated by the precautions taken by the German military and civil authorities in connection with the recent meeting between the Czar and the Kaiser at Wiesbaden.

The narrow streets leading from the main thoroughfare of the watering-place to the royal palace were wholly closed to traffic for nearly two hours previous to the arrival of the Czar. Nobody was permitted to walk through them, no matter what his errand. Persons living on those streets had to stay indoors till the imperial visitor had passed. Only persons known to the police were allowed in windows and on balconies along the route.

Troops with loaded guns and fixed bayonets stood shoulder to shoulder on the main street, from which the public was not excluded. A military force of three thousand five hundred was employed in that way and to surround the railroad depot. Behind the soldiers stood policemen in uniform with their faces turned toward the people on the sidewalks. And scattered among the people were hundreds of detectives in plain clothes. The carriage of the Czar was almost lost in a cloud of cavalry, and he passed through the lanes of steel at breakneck speed.

### *The Czar Requires Too Much*

The refusal of the Czar to visit any place where precautionary measures of equal scope could not be taken is now said to account for his successive failures to carry out proposed visits to Berlin, Paris, and Rome.

THE LEBAUDY FLYING MACHINE

Photographed as it was passing the Eiffel Tower, Paris, Nov. 20, the day it was destroyed by a collision at Meudon

In each case the Government concerned is said to have realized both that the resulting interference with the traffic of a great city would be unendurable and that the presentation of such a spectacle to its keen-eyed and sharp-witted population would be impolitic.

## IS ST. LOUIS UNFAIR?

CANADIAN live-stock owners, who are threatening to withhold their exhibits from the St. Louis Exposition, make out what seems to be a strong case against the officials of the big show. The Dominion breeders and stockmen met with conspicuous success at Philadelphia in 1876, at Chicago in 1893, and at Buffalo in 1901, and they feel that some of the regulations governing Canadian exhibits at St. Louis are so pointedly discouraging as to justify the belief that they are to be deliberately handicapped.

### *Paying Both Ways*

One regulation that is objected to is that Canadian live-stock sent to St. Louis must pay duty if sold there; another requires that entries from across the border must be entered on the American herd-book and pay the $100 fee, while the herd-books of other countries, including New Zealand, are recognized and accepted. It is charged that small prizes are offered in those classes of animals in the breeding of which Canadians have been particularly successful, the big prizes being reserved for American specialties. A number of the judges are believed to be hostile to Canadian exhibits. These are the points made at a meeting of representative breeders of the Dominion recently at Toronto.

Canadian live-stock men, who believe that they raise the best shorthorns in the world, and who are sending blooded sheep to improve the flocks of Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah, are making this stand now in the hope that the inequalities of the tariff regulating the importing and exporting of Canadian stock may be adjusted.

American cattle and horses crossing to Canada pay a duty of $2.50 a head; to bring a cow or horse from Canada to the States costs $25. So, the Canadians ask: Why should we go to the expense of attempting to develop relations with the States, such as is the purpose of the Fair exhibit, so long as the tariff relations are such as prohibit Canadians doing business in the States?

The Dominion Government has offered $100,000 to pay the freight on live-stock destined for St. Louis; four Canadian breeders have gone to confer with the Fair authorities on the matter, and the Fair managers are asking the Canadians to guarantee an exhibit before they discuss the questions of prizes, duties, and a later equitable adjustment of tariff charges. Meanwhile, Canadian breeders are showing at Chicago, and the States are planning to send exhibits to the Eastern Ontario and Ottawa annual fairs next February.

## SOCIALISM LOSING GROUND

NOT long ago, Socialism seemed to be making swift advances all over the world. Now the march looks like a retreat. Recent events in this and other countries certainly show a reaction. The Socialist defeat in the Boston convention of the American Federation of Labor is an emphatic sign of the times. At New Orleans last year, the convention defeated the Socialist resolution by the narrow margin of 721 out of nearly 10,000 votes. This year Socialism mustered 2,185 votes to 11,282. President Gompers and Delegate John Mitchell threw their great influence against the resolution.

Chief among the other evidences of the decline of Socialism in America was the slump of the Socialist vote in Massachusetts at the November election. Last year, owing largely to the coal strike, the Socialists gained forty per cent and the older parties grew alarmed. This year, the Socialists lost all that they had gained the year before and more, and Socialism's most prominent representative in the Legislature, James F. Carey of Haverhill, was defeated, although he had been returned for several years. The other States which held their elections in November gave no comfort to the Socialist cause.

In Europe, despite the wise leadership of Jaurès in France, the ascendency of the Socialists in the Italian Legislature, and that party's gains in Germany, the prospects of Socialism are by no means unclouded. We must realize that there is no such thing as uniform Socialistic demands and programme. What passes for Socialism in some foreign countries is merely a demand for many rights and privileges which are common in America. In fact, the line between Socialists and Republicans in those countries is often difficult to distinguish.

In Germany, Socialism has outstripped the principles

of Karl Marx, and its advocates are really apostates. The truthfulness of this charge is freely admitted by some German leaders. It is in Germany, too, that in the midst of Socialistic jubilation over the great increase in their membership in the Reichstag appears a conflict most menacing to that cause. This conflict is between the Socialists and the trade unions. It is alleged by representatives of the unions and by their newspapers that Socialists are crowding out of employment workingmen who have refused to join the Socialist party. In other words, the communistic brotherhood idea seems to have been abandoned and a tyrannous policy substituted, very like that with which labor unions in the United States are charged toward non-union men. The feeling in Germany is becoming very bitter, and threatens to lead to a formidable alliance against the Socialists, composed of men of the very class from which Socialism must secure its strength.

In Belgium, too, Socialism has been a very strong force. But in the communal elections of a few weeks ago the Socialists suffered crushing defeats, losing districts in which they had been supreme for years. This result was due, it is said, to the ignorance and unfitness of the Socialist leaders for municipal government, many of these towns having been hopelessly plunged in debt under their administration. This defeat seriously cripples the party for the general elections of next year.

The Belgian Government is openly and energetically using the labor unions as a weapon to fight the Socialists, and the conflict between these two forces has led to exciting scenes in factory and Parliament. No recent test of Socialism has been obtained in France, but the current seems to have set in against it. In Italy, where the Cabinet is kept in office and the King's wishes are carried out by the Republicans and Socialists, an odd situation is presented. One must be very dubious, however, of the Marxianism of a Socialistic party on which a monarch leans. In Holland, the Socialists are in a very hopeless condition, largely on account of the great strike of a year ago in which they were utterly routed and their leaders discredited.

# CAPTAIN GIBSON:—AN INDISPENSABLE MAN

"TAMMANY let him alone, because it dared not try to run the Street Cleaning Department without him."

Through three administrations Captain Francis M. Gibson has been retained as Deputy Commissioner of Street Cleaning of New York. Since 1895 he has been the executive directly in charge of five thousand men. Two Reform Commissioners and two from Tammany Hall have turned to him for knowledge of their duties, and a fifth is about to take office. Yet one may search through hundreds of pamphlets, reports, and bales of newspaper discussion to find only an occasional reference to Captain Gibson, "the man behind the Commissioner," who knows the department as no one else can know it.

A tall, square-shouldered, deep-chested man of action, the look of the regular army officer is in the manner and bearing of Captain Gibson. If you were told in advance that the Deputy Commissioner whose office you were trying to find was an old cavalry officer, you would not fail to pick him out if you saw him coming along the hall.

Captain Gibson was assigned to the Seventh Cavalry, as Second Lieutenant, from civil life, in 1867, and remained with the regiment until he was retired twelve years ago.

### *Survival of Merit*

When Colonel Waring was appointed Street Cleaning Commissioner, he went to Gibson and asked: "What is your opinion? Do you think the streets of New York can be properly cared for?"

"There is no doubt of it," was the reply.

This was what Colonel Waring wished to hear. The only vacant position in the department was that of Assistant Superintendent, and Captain Gibson was appointed to it. A little later, when he was asked to become General Superintendent, he declined, because he did not think he was sufficiently familiar with his duties to accept promotion. When the opportunity came to name a new Deputy Commissioner, he was offered the place, and took it with the comment: "I have all the details of the department in hand now, and I understand the machinery from top to bottom."

There was no boasting spirit in this. He made simple statements of fact, as he would have reported to his commander when returning from scouting duty.

A year after that, Colonel Waring went abroad, leaving the department in charge of his deputy. New York was so used to being unkempt and dirty that it raised an outcry against being compelled systematically to keep clean against all tradition. A law was passed ordering householders to separate ashes from other garbage, and put them in different pails on the sidewalk.

Captain Gibson looked over the proposition and obtained forty policemen from Police Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt. The city refused to take the new law seriously. Then arrests were made for violations, and the clamor grew until it focused in a widespread demand for the official head of Deputy Commissioner Gibson. He told Mayor Strong that a large number of excellent persons were fighting the law, but that he was going to enforce it. The Mayor replied that he was receiving an average of three influential delegations a day, praying for the removal of the obnoxious official who was making their town clean in spite of itself. He proposed, however, to stand by the Department, "and give it a chance to accomplish something."

CAPTAIN FRANCIS M. GIBSON
Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York City

The Deputy Commissioner was the organizer and disciplinarian in the movement which turned the ineffective mob of the working force into a uniformed, self-respecting army. Between them, Colonel Waring and Captain Gibson inspired esprit de corps in the hearts of thousands of lowly street-sweepers, no mean achievement in itself.

When Mayor Van Wyck appointed James McCartney Commissioner, Tammany Hall brought tremendous pressure to oust Captain Gibson, the "Reformer," from his "four thousand dollar a year job." McCartney, when he was told that he would get no peace of mind until he turned Captain Gibson out, replied that his only hope for peace of mind lay in keeping the Deputy Commissioner in.

McCartney died while in office, and was succeeded by Percy Nagle, a dyed-in-the-wool Tammany man. He, too, asked Captain Gibson to remain, and made no attempt to curtail his authority. He recognized, as had his predecessor, the rare "indispensable man." Then came another wave of Reform which swept Seth Low into the City Hall. Captain Gibson handed in his resignation, as was his habit when political fortunes shifted, and was again invited to stay in office. When Commissioner Woodbury was told of the object of this article, he said eagerly: "I am very glad to hear that you are going to say something about Captain Gibson. He deserves it. He is invaluable."

But this was not the way the Deputy Commissioner talked as he came into the office with a handful of documents. He pulled his gray mustache and said politely: "I am sorry I can say nothing interesting about myself or my work. It's all in the day, you know."

### *The Gospel of Work*

His day's work begins at eight o'clock. In all weathers he makes a three-hour tour of inspection of the thirteen street-cleaning districts and sixty-five sections into which Greater New York is divided. The program is so arranged that the Deputy Commissioner inspects each of these stations once a week, quarters, men, horses, and equipment. From noon until five o'clock he is busy with mail, reports, interviews, reviewing, and sifting a multitude of detailed matters, in order to separate those which require the final action of the Commissioner. Once a week he sits on the Board of Appeals, which decides upon all cases in which the employees, down to the humblest Italian sweeper, may dissent from the penalties decreed by their foremen.

Keeping clean the streets with four thousand sweepers and drivers is only one branch of the work of the department. There is the great task of disposing of the refuse of a city of three million people, of creating four million dollars' worth of new real estate at Rikers Island out of the city's dumpings, the operation of the new light, heat, and power plant, which burns garbage as fuel and has saved to the city its cost of erection in little more than a year.

Whatever of clean-cut organization has been maintained through administration changes, whatever spirit of tradition and system has survived the changes of politics, is due to a quiet and dignified retired officer of the regular service, unknown to the people of his city—this man "whom Tammany could not do without."

# WOOD'S CASE TESTS SENATE SECRECY

"BESIDES, who doubts that the papers will have a full account of our proceedings to-day, even if we do put the reporters out and shut the doors?" asked Senator Scott of West Virginia, of his colleagues on the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, at the first meeting held to investigate the charges against Brigadier-General Leonard Wood relating to his unfitness for promotion to the rank of Major-General.

Senator Proctor of Vermont, acting chairman of the committee, had announced that the investigation would be public. Reporters went there for their papers. Senator Quarles of Wisconsin raised the objection that as the confirmation of Presidential nominations is secret business of the Senate, investigations bearing on such confirmations should be secret. Senator Foraker of Ohio upheld him. The committee was about to vote when Senator Scott urged that the hearing should be open, and said the reporters would get the news anyway. Scott was outvoted and the doors were locked.

That afternoon and the next morning Senator Scott's prediction came true. The newspapers had the news. So, too, the newspapers have had the news of all the succeeding meetings, and, likewise, they will have the news of all future meetings, though doors are locked and the strictest injunctions of secrecy put upon investigators and witnesses.

Executive sessions of the Senate, like executive sessions of committees, are supposed to be sacred. The theory is that confidential business of the Government is transacted behind the closed doors, and that it must be held in confidence. Still, there is never an important executive session of the Senate that the newspapers do not tell about, in greater or less detail. Here are the conditions: An executive session of the Senate is made up of such Senators as attend and one clerk, sworn to preserve the secrets of the session. All others are excluded. Not even the sergeant-at-arms can get in. At least half of the ninety Senators are unapproachable. That is, forty-five men will not talk about executive sessions. Of the other forty-five, there are twenty, perhaps, who will talk freely. The rest will give hints.

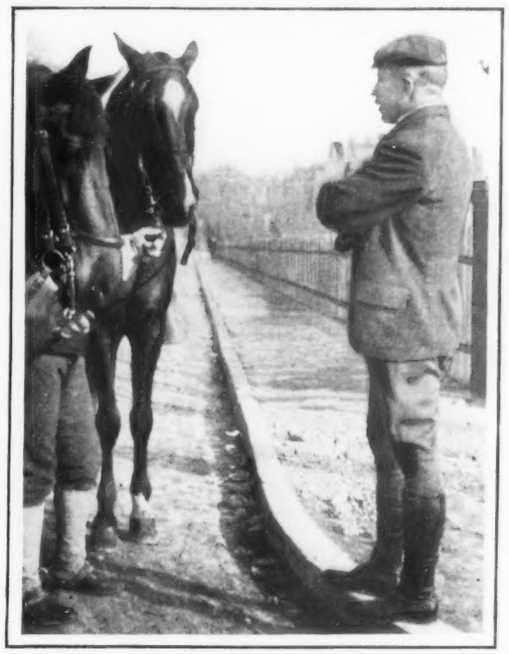
Against the reticence of these Senators are pitted the one hundred and eighty correspondents in Washington. Their papers demand knowledge of what has happened. The correspondents must get it, and they do get it.

It is obvious that if every Senator were as stern

of conviction as some Senators are, no executive session news could be obtained. The salvation of the newsgatherers lies in the fact that some Senators are more human than others and in their personal acquaintances. Every man who "covers" the Senate has a Senator to whom he can go on terms of perfect understanding. The Senator knows the reporter, knows he will not betray him, and has, no doubt, a lively sense of news-favors to come. The Senator tells enough of the proceedings of the session to give the gist of the news. Sometimes, he does more than that. There are men in the Senate who have retentive memories. There are men who make a note or two. Time and again, almost literal quotations, for a half column or more, of speeches made in secret have been printed. The newspapers always have the principal features of the treaties. They know about the discussions, the altercations, and the debate.

*Know Your Senator*

This news is not obtained easily. It often means hours of hard work to get a single clew. Once there is a hint, however, the rest is easy, for even if a Senator will not tell exactly what happened, he will tell, usually, what did not happen, and a clever reporter can ask his questions skilfully enough to make everything clear to himself. Visits are made to the homes of Senators. They are not approached publicly. The obtaining of executive session news is a confidential transaction. The Senators who tell are under no delusions. They tell because they want to, but they always tell. It is essential for every newsgatherer to maintain close relations with one or two Senators, relations that are intimate and personal. No Senator would talk of an executive session to a man he did not know. Once these relations are established, the Senator plays fair as long as the reporter does, which is always. Two or three such Senatorial assets are necessary, for often Senators do not attend executive sessions, and a man with but one source of information would be in a parlous position if his Senator had been absent. There is no mystery about it. The Senators talk to their friends. Most of them see no harm in it, although, technically, they are not supposed to say a word. Not once in ten years does a Senator find his confidence abused. It is a man-to-man proposition, where friendship is the important consideration.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, U.S.A.

*Talking to the Gallery*

The Senate knows the executive sessions are a joke so far as being secret is concerned. Not long ago, a distinguished Senator spoke in open Senate of the farce of executive sessions. He said he noticed in certain papers that morning full and accurate accounts of what had happened behind locked doors on the previous afternoon. He deprecated the leaks. He said it was useless to hold secret sessions if all the world was to know about them next day. It was a speech of pained rebuke. The Senators listened attentively and nodded their heads in approval. Two correspondents in the press gallery laughed. The Senator who made the speech was the man who had given them the story.

One incident is famous in Washington newspaper history. A new young man, fresh from a metropolitan newspaper, met Senator Hoar in a corridor while an executive session was on.

"I say, Mr. Hoar," he said, "what are you old chaps doing in there?"

Bystanders waited breathlessly for the explosion. It came. With his thin voice pitched higher, even, than usual, and trembling with indignation, the venerable statesman from Massachusetts said: "Young man, I should, by rights, take you across my knee and spank you."

The reason he didn't was because the young man, frightened by the display of righteous wrath, ran away.

# MEXICO IS POLYGAMY'S NEW ZION

MANY progressive Mormons deprecate the election of any man under suspicion of polygamy to Congress. It is bad politics, they say; let the members do as they please in their private lives, but realize that they are citizens and property holders as well. A still more liberal class drift away from the Church entirely, and the orthodox point to them as the horrible example of "Americanization" which will ingulf Utah if the Church does not assert itself.

The very orthodox see only one way of escape. They must flee to a new Zion, as their forebears did. It is give up nothing or all. They see the "Gentiles" pouring into Utah, building railroads, developing mines, erecting factories, and crowding into the background the men who, spurred on by religion, founded the State. They feel that their sons are in daily touch with contamination. In one sense they welcome the agitation over the seating of Reed Smoot in the Senate, because, like every other agitation of its kind, it arouses the faithful to a realization that in Mexico lie their hope and their refuge.

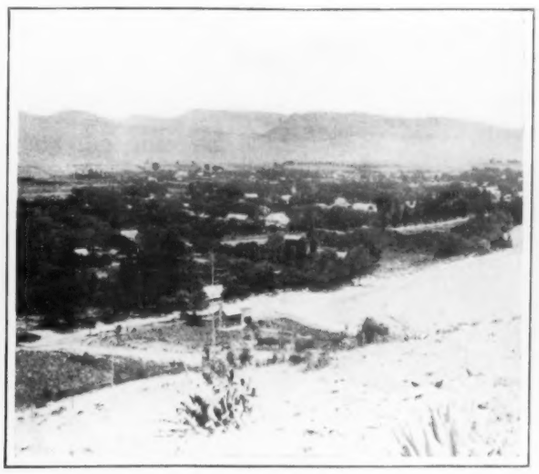
The Edmunds-Tucker Act of 1886 sent the first Mormon pilgrims across the Southern border. They now have a dozen colonies in the States of Chihuahua and Sonora in Mexico, where altogether they own three hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. The experience of Colonia Juarez, one of the colonies, shows that the spirit of the old pioneers is not wanting to-day. When the emigrants went to the valley of the Piedros Verdes River, one thousand feet below the surrounding Sierra Madre Mountains, they found arid land utterly barren, save for an occasional clump of cactus. They began digging ditches to convey the water from the river to the land. Roving Apaches plundered and murdered, but the settlers were undaunted. Vegetation began to flourish. As the colony prospered, greater irrigation works, including reservoirs to store the flood waters, were undertaken.

Now verdure stretches across the picturesque valley. Midst the trees nestle dwellings, stores, a meeting-house, and an academy of adobe, brick, or frame. A grist mill, furniture factory, and other manufacturing establishments are in busy operation. Clear water ripples in narrow artificial channels along the streets, allaying the thirst of the tall poplars or cottonwoods that line the highways, and the stretches of grass, the flowers and shrubbery, peach, apricot, plum, and pear trees, and gardens about the dwellings.

There are no tobacco shops, no saloons, no disreputable resorts, no jail. The lives of the adults are filled with the daily toil of household, farm, and garden, store and factory, and with the frequent gatherings at the meeting-house to foster and vent their religious enthusiasm. The numerous children go to school, where they are taught the common and academic branches, and Mormonism unrestrained. The plural families dwell together in security. The rule of the Church is as absolute as it was in the days when Brigham Young was supreme in its councils.

Yet the head of these colonies, A. W. Ivins, is himself a monogamist. With religious enthusiasm he combines the qualities of the Western promoter. He is the diplomatist who deals with the Mexican Government. Diaz wants population and prosperity. So long as the polygamy is not ostentatious, no objection is raised. The second and succeeding wives and children have no standing in law, but plural marriages are tacitly permitted and continually contracted. Ivins's admirers prophesy that in twenty-five years the Mormons will own practically all of Northern Mexico. The Church helps the emigrants to secure railroad transportation, gets duties and taxes remitted, obtains credit if needed, and tides its followers over the hard places until they become firmly established and self-supporting in their new home.

Desert Wastes the Mormons have Reclaimed



The Mormon City of Colonia Juarez in Northern Mexico

What Irrigation has Done

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MARRIED

*DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO BELI*

DRAWN BY CHARLES

ED AT LAST

*HO BELIEVE IN LONG ENGAGEMENTS*

Y CHARLES DANA GIBSON

PRINT IN BINDING

# THE FLAWLESS EMERALD

## By Charles Belmont Davis

*ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS*

### A STORY IN TWO PARTS—Part One

WITH the exception of the adventure I am now about to relate, my life has been conventional, dull, and prosaic. This, I am bound to state, has been no fault of my own, for my spirit is really a most adventurous one, and I am sure that had my lot been that of a gentleman of leisure, instead of a clerk in a cotton house, I should have had such experiences as we are led to believe were common a hundred years ago. Instead of dashing about the world, accompanied by a few kindred spirits, in a rakish black craft and exploring nooks and crannies of the globe yet untouched by the foot of the white man, it has been my fate to divide my life in New York between our office downtown and comfortable though modest rooms in a bachelor apartment-house on West Twenty-sixth Street. My movements have also been somewhat confined by a hard business sense which I must have derived from my Puritan ancestors—a sense which has given me the reputation of a valued employee, and has inspired a consistent practice of never spending more than two-thirds of my income. As a result, I have never been able to travel very far afield for my romance, and have had to content myself with such adventure as I found in books and on the stage.

I know my New York thoroughly, for I have gone over every quarter of it time and again, always by myself, and usually at night, but it is the land of the money-grubber, not of romance—no gloved hand has ever waved to me from a passing brougham and no fair face has ever appeared at a window of a deserted house. The few experiences I have had on my nocturnal wanderings have always resulted in my hasty flight in order to avoid a street brawl or some equally vulgar proceeding. And so, with a feeling of real regret I have always been forced to return to my novel at home in my little study or go back to my front seat at the theatre and find my adventures among the people of stageland.

As in all other cotton houses, our work for the year is most unevenly divided—for six months we toil almost ceaselessly and for the remainder of the time we have really little or nothing to do. Many of our force are employed only for the busy season. I, with several others, am engaged for the whole twelve months, but during the slack season our firm have gladly permitted us to take long vacations on half-pay.

The work during the season just ended had been particularly severe, and I had decided that I would for the first time during the ten years with which I had been connected with the house, treat myself to a long vacation. I had determined in a general way that I should go abroad, but had arranged nothing definitely further than that I should spend the first days of my holiday in absolute idleness in the city where I have always worked so hard. I had completed all the pending business at the office, and was even in the act of shutting down my roller-top desk with a feeling of genuine relief, when Mr. Arthur Kellard walked into my office.

Mr. Kellard was an occasional customer of the house, and frequently came in to consult me in regard to his account. I knew little of him beyond the facts that he had an office at 120 Broadway, was supposed to have large interests in some Mexican mines, and was to all appearances a gentleman forty years of age and of polite address. On the occasion of which I speak he asked me about his account, and, having obtained the required information, he entered into a conversation on general topics with me. I told him of my intended vacation and that I was even then about to take my leave of the office. To this he suggested that we should walk uptown together and begin my holiday by taking a drink with him at his club. I gladly assented, and he interested me greatly on our way uptown by suggesting various tours I might take as the best way of spending my vacation.

His club, while not of the very first social importance like the Union or Knickerbocker, had a very good address on Fifth Avenue, and I was soon in so comfortably ensconced in a large leather chair with a glass of Scotch, a good cigar, and my new friend across the little table telling me of the possibilities of European travel. When we entered the room there were but two other members present. They were sitting at the next window to ours and looking with a languid interest at the passing show on the Avenue. Mr. Kellard evidently was not acquainted with them, as he did not recognize them either when entering the room or afterward. We sat together for perhaps half an hour, and then my host begged me to excuse him, as he had an engagement uptown, but suggested I remain where I was or make myself at home wherever I chose in the Club. I readily acceded to this suggestion, as I was not a member of any club, and thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the situation.

I had been sitting at the window alone for some minutes, thinking only of the passers-by and the long lines of fine carriages with their beautifully dressed owners, and rather hoping that some of my acquaintances might see me in the club window, when my attention was arrested by a remark made by one of the two men at the neighboring window. A young and very pretty girl had just driven by in a runabout. I had myself noticed her, not only on account of her beauty, but because of the extreme smartness of the vehicle and the livery of the little tiger sitting beside her.

"Nice girl," said one of the men; "but very eccentric, very."

From where I was sitting I could easily hear their conversation and, quite unobserved, get a good look at them. The man who spoke was the elder of the two. He was perhaps forty years of age, extremely well groomed, and his most distinctive feature was a blond mustache turned up at the ends very much in the style affected by the Emperor William. His friend, who looked to be about thirty years of age, had a clean-shaven face, and, like the other man, had the appearance and manner of a true cosmopolite.

FROM WHERE I WAS SITTING I COULD HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION

"I have never met her," answered the younger man, "but she always looked most attractive and quite unlike other actresses. For instance, she doesn't crown herself with white plumes and loll back in a victoria. Did you notice that dress she had on when she passed just now? Her whole get-up was that which a very smart girl in society might wear, and her trap was just as well turned out as herself. I have often thought I should like to meet her."

"I wish we could all have supper together some night after the performance," said the man with the blond mustache, "but she is most difficult. That is one of her eccentricities. Ada Caldara never makes engagements. She is quite willing to have you meet her at the stage door, but she always reserves the privilege of refusing your invitation at the last moment and going away with some other friend or back home for a quiet supper with her mother. I have seen half a dozen men waiting for her, and she has left them all standing on the sidewalk looking like a lot of fools and driven off in her hansom with her maid. It's wonderful how she holds her friends."

"I saw her last spring when she was playing in London at the Shaftesbury," said the younger man. "She was at a supper young Neimeyer gave her at The Princess. She struck me then as being exceptionally good-looking."

"Do you know Neimeyer?" answered the older man. "It was he who gave her the flawless emerald."

"A flawless emerald? I didn't know there was such a thing," said the young man.

"They are very rare," continued the man with the blond mustache; "many jewellers who have been in the business all their lives have never seen one, and, as a matter of fact, it is the quickest test to tell a real stone from one of the very good imitations they make nowadays—the imitations are always flawless. Didn't you ever hear of the trouble with the Neimeyers about the stone? It's a very good story, but was hushed up over there by young Neimeyer's friends."

In answer the younger man shook his head. His friend turned to look at me, but I anticipated him and continued to look out of the window as if I were quite unconscious of their presence. The older man took out his cigarette-case, lighted a cigarette, and continued.

"About the time young Neimeyer was so devoted to the girl a very distinguished personage arrived in London with one of the most remarkable collections of jewels in the world."

"An Indian prince?" asked the younger man.

"No, better than that," said his friend. "He was a royal personage; a ruler of a small kingdom all of his own. But like a good many modern rulers he was sadly impoverished, and he came to sell some of his family jewels so that he might straighten out his affairs at home. But it seemed he had a most absurd idea of their value, and demanded such exorbitant prices that his mission failed utterly. To make things worse, he lost a great deal of money gambling at one of the fashionable clubs in London, and tried to make it up at the races, and met with the usual result. In a very short time he found himself deeply in debt to his sponsors at the club and the bookmakers as well. In his predicament he turned to old man Neimeyer, who you probably know carries on his business of a dealer in antiquities only as a blind, for he is really the greatest usurer in England since Sam Lewis died. He will loan money on anything from a ducal estate to a trained elephant—that is, as long as he gets his fifty per cent commission. The most valuable single gem the potentate had in his collection was a flawless emerald, probably the best of its kind in the world, and it was this he took to Neimeyer. To make a long story short, he loaned the gem to the money-lender as security, got enough ready cash to pay his debts and returned to his own country to arrange with his Minister of Finance to pile on taxes sufficient to get his flawless emerald out of pawn. He had until the end of a year, which was the time it had been loaned to Neimeyer.

"This is where Miss Caldara got into the game. Young Jacob Neimeyer had been showing the girl all kinds of attentions, and I imagine the affair had put him in a rather bad way financially. Whether it was his lack of funds or just sheer madness over his devotion to her, he went to his father's safe one night, took out the flawless emerald, and carried it with the tale of its great value to the lady he loved so well and unwisely. A few days later the old man wanted to show the gem to a friend, and, of course, discovered the loss. As there were only two or three people who knew about the jewel and who had the combination of the safe, the theft was very soon fixed on the son, and the real trouble began. The boy—for that's what he really is—protested that he had only loaned the jewel to Miss Caldara, but the lady thought differently. She claimed that it was a gift. Neimeyer called in his lawyers, and even Scotland Yard was appealed to, and many and strong were the arguments brought to bear on the young actress. They threatened to arrest her as the receiver of stolen goods, but she very naturally contended that her arrest could only follow that of the thief, and Neimeyer, of course, was anxious to keep his son out of jail as well as to avoid the scandal which would follow the exposé of his transaction with the potentate. There were many meetings and stormy interviews between all the parties concerned, but the upshot of it all was that Miss Caldara agreed to return the jewel within the year from the day it was pawned, so that it should be in Neimeyer's safe by the time the royal personage returned to claim his own. In the meantime, she was to have the privilege of wearing it when and how she liked, but, as a matter of fact, few even of her intimate friends have any idea of its value, as the Neimeyers naturally never speak of the incident, and she is not particularly anxious to tell a story which is but little to her credit."

"Does she often wear it?" interrupted the younger man.

"Very seldom," answered his friend. "In fact, I have never seen her use it on the stage. I always wanted to see it 'from the front,' however, and she promised me at supper last evening that she would positively wear it

THE ACTRESS AT LAST MADE HER APPEARANCE

to-night. Why don't you come to the theatre with me? We can see how the jewel looks over the footlights, and if she will take supper afterward we can examine it at close range. It is really worth while—quite a historic gem."

"I'm sorry," answered the younger man, "but I'm going to a dinner dance and you know what that means. I'll probably not get away before one or possibly two o'clock. It's too bad, for I should really like to see the flawless emerald."

"Well, some other time then," said the older man, and the two friends, as if by mutual consent, finished their drinks and sauntered out of the room.

I must admit that I had listened to the story of the flawless emerald with great interest. I knew nothing of gems and very little of the heroine of the tale, but I had seen her many times on the stage at the Casino, and had always admired her very greatly for her extreme beauty and an apparently indolent grace with which she did her work and which was really most attractive. I was glad to learn something of her, and to listen to a story concerning the intimate doings of such people as the poor potentate and the famous money-lender—people who were part of a life of which I had seen nothing and knew but little. My curiosity to see the wonderful emerald was indeed very great, and nothing would have kept me away from the theatre that night. As it was, I had no engagement, and immediately set out for the Waldorf, where I bought a front seat for that night's performance.

I suppose I should have blamed Miss Caldara for her part in the proceedings, but when she made her appearance I could not find it in my heart to do so. She was quite the loveliest person to look at on the stage and seemed to me worthy to wear any gem however rare and valuable. Indeed, when she smiled pleasantly at a gentleman sitting alone in a stage box, and whom I at once recognized as the one who had told the story of the emerald that afternoon at the club, I really envied him greatly. I had several times read of the wonderful collection of jewels Miss Caldara was supposed to possess, and had on several previous visits to the same play noticed some remarkable diamonds she wore, but on this particular night during the first two acts she used no jewels of any description, and I almost gave up hope of seeing the famous flawless emerald. It was at the very last of the third act, when Miss Caldara appeared in a white evening dress, that I caught my first glimpse of the jewel which had already caused so much trouble. She wore it at the edge of her corsage, and its size alone, even had it not been a stone of great brilliancy, would have at once attracted the attention of the audience. The emerald appeared to be about an inch square and needed no other jewels to set off its great beauty—indeed, even the mounting was invisible from my seat in the orchestra. It seemed as if every one about me began discussing the stone at once. The lady sitting next to me contended that it was altogether too large to be genuine, but her escort laughed and said something about Miss Caldara's jewels being finer than any ever worn in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House.

I wished that I might tell them all I knew, and it seemed strange that in all that audience only the man sitting alone in the box and I understood how valuable the stone really was. But, of course, I said nothing, and in a few moments the final curtain fell and Miss Caldara and her emerald were shut off from our view. It so happened that I had never counted an actor or an actress among my friends, and so I had never had any occasion to visit the stage door of a theatre, but nothing could have tempted me away from the stage door of the Casino on this particular night. I wanted to see Miss Caldara again, and, above all, I wanted to see what became of the admirers who had come to meet her. The whole idea struck me as most unique and amusing. I followed the audience out of the theatre, and slowly walked around the corner and up Thirty-ninth Street toward Sixth Avenue. There was a long line of hansoms and broughams stretching for almost an entire block, and quite a number of people had already collected about the stage entrance. It was rather dark, but I could easily see that the crowd was made up of many classes of society. There were stage-hands in their working clothes, and very smart looking young men in evening dress, and many others of all conditions waiting for friends, or perhaps, like myself, attracted there purely from a spirit of curiosity. I watched with much interest the almost continuous line of men and women who were in some way connected with the theatre as they came through the little door leading to the mysterious realms of stageland. Many of the girls hurried away singly or in little groups, while others joined their friends and drove away in the hansoms, no doubt to gay suppers that awaited them. The scene was full of human interest to me, and although I was considerably jostled and knocked about by the crowd around the door, the half-hour which passed before Miss Caldara finally appeared slipped by most pleasantly.

It occurred to me, however, as a curious fact, that I could nowhere in the crowd see the man who had told the story of the emerald, and who had occupied the box, while, on the other hand, I was sure that I had recognized his friend who had that afternoon begged off from going to the theatre on account of another engagement. However, as the incident could be accounted for in many ways, and as it was none of my affair anyhow, I gave it but a passing thought.

The actress whom I had waited to see at last made her appearance. There was no question as to her identity, and she looked quite as beautiful to me as she had on the stage. About her shoulders she wore a long opera cloak which only partially concealed a dress such as any lady might wear to an evening party. Accompanied by her maid and looking neither to the right nor to the left, she brushed her way through the crowd and started toward Sixth Avenue, in which direction her carriage was evidently awaiting her. She had perhaps gone some twenty feet beyond the crowd about the door when she uttered a faint cry and turned suddenly to her maid. After a few hasty words the two women started back toward the theatre. Miss Caldara reentered the stage door, and the maid ran to the corner and started an earnest conversation with a policeman. The actress returned almost immediately with the stage-door man, and began looking about on the ground as if for some lost article. They were joined by the police officer, and the maid and all four started in to look over the sidewalk. The officer at first glanced carefully over the crowd. Some of the men returned his stare impudently, while others turned their heads and slowly walked away. In a few moments every one who remained knew that a valuable jewel had been lost by Miss Caldara on her way from the stage door to her carriage, and the whole crowd of men joined in the search of the sidewalk, at the same time eying each other with evident suspicion.

I, too, joined in the search, but I knew it was quite futile; for the flawless emerald was in my overcoat pocket.

In the great excitement of the moment I can not positively state just when it got there, but it was about the time that Miss Caldara uttered the faint scream and turned back to the theatre. I was completely surrounded at the moment, but I distinctly felt something suddenly forced into my outside pocket. I turned my head, but the men standing back of me were all looking at the beautiful actress, and it was impossible to distinguish which of several men was in the best position to have transferred his plunder to me. The situation was perfectly apparent to me at once, the thief had snatched the case from Miss Caldara and had passed it on to me instead of his confederate. I was sure that the latter had sneaked away with some of the other men, believing that his pal had decided to hold on to the jewel, while the thief, under the impression that he had successfully carried out the transfer, was even

I TOOK OUT THE PAPER AND WROTE AS THE THIEF DICTATED

then assisting in the search. An enormous crowd gathered almost immediately and the sidewalk became black with people.

"I should like to search every one of youse," growled the police officer; but the crowd only laughed and went on lighting matches and using them as torches as they continued to scan the pavement.

For one brief moment I thought of giving up the emerald, but then I considered that I was without a single friend in the crowd, and whatever Miss Caldara might think, my action would certainly be regarded as most suspicious by the mob, which I knew would like nothing better than to see me hurried off to the nearest police station. There would be plenty of time later to make the necessary restitution, and I had sufficient wit to know that hasty action in such crises is always conducive to error. The perspiration came out on my forehead in large drops, and actually ran down my face, but I held my head low and went on with the search, gradually, however, working myself away from the point where the crowd was the greatest. The actress, I must admit, met the difficulty as a true lady should, and did little more than direct the search with decision and without any vulgar display of emotion. I can not say as much for the maid, who dived about under everybody's legs looking for the jewel-case, the meanwhile weeping and bewailing the great loss of her mistress.

What eventually occurred and how the crowd was finally dispersed, I do not know; for as soon as I had worked myself to the outer edge of the mob, I sauntered slowly down Thirty-ninth Street and turned into the crowded sidewalks of Broadway. All my life I had been looking for adventure, and when at last it came I can not say that I found very much pleasure in it—indeed, my only feeling was worse than that of the culprit who is lucky enough to have escaped with his plunder. I walked along the street for several blocks in a semi-dazed condition, my hand in my pocket closely grasping the jewel-case. But the cool night air finally brought me to my senses, and I decided that I must go home and, in the quiet of my own apartment, plan my future action.

The apartment which I occupied was on the second floor and ran the entire length of the building, which had formerly been a private residence, but had been recently changed to a combination business and apartment-house. The basement and lower floor were used as shops, and there was but one apartment above my own. As the latter was not rented at the time, and as there was no elevator and the caretaker only came in during the day, I was quite alone in the building after the shops had been closed for the night. I did not care particularly for the arrangement, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that it was not the kind of house which a burglar would care to take the risk of entering, as the shops carried only the cheapest kind of goods and my own apartment was simplicity itself. On the present occasion, however, I must confess to a feeling of very great pleasure as I opened the door into my little sitting-room. Here, at least, I was safe with my treasure and free to consider how best to return it to its owner. I took off my hat and overcoat and put the precious case, which I knew must contain the emerald, on my writing desk. I lighted my pipe, and, drawing up a chair, opened the jewel-case. The great green stone lay on a piece of white velvet—from its every facet it shone and sparkled splendidly even in the dull yellow light of my room. I took it out of the case and held it up before the gas-jet—it was as clear as crystal, not the trace of a flaw anywhere. And then I heard the door of the bedroom which was back of me creak on its hinges, and I knew that I was not alone.

My first instinct was to cry aloud for help, but the childish fear which possessed my senses passed as quickly as it had overtaken me, and I laid the jewel on the desk in front of me. There was no possible escape; the windows were closed and heavily curtained, and the spring lock of the door had snapped behind me when I entered. My mind seemed to be perfectly clear, but I was quite conscious that my heart was not beating as I listened to the quiet footfalls of some one approaching toward the back of my chair. I had no weapon in my desk, and my eyes cast about for something with which I might defend myself, but I saw nothing. There are some sensations which without any previous experience we seem to feel instinctively; for the first time in my life I was conscious of having a pistol held very close to my head. I turned slowly, and my eyes followed the barrel of a revolver up to a white shirt-cuff, the sleeve of a tweed suit, and then to a face partially concealed by a black mask. Holding the revolver very close to my forehead, the man reached out with his free hand, took the emerald, and dropped it into his coat pocket.

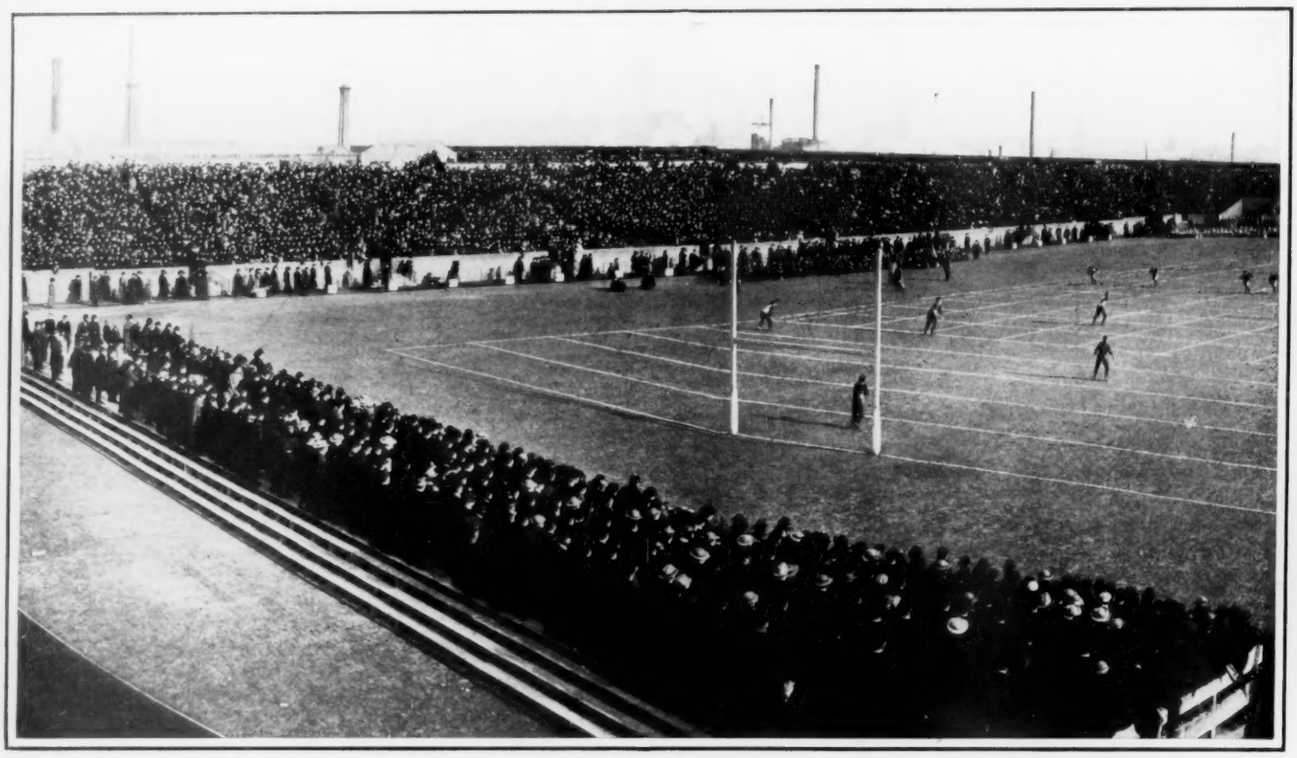
"Now, young man," he said, with the revolver still held in very close proximity to my head, "take a piece of that notepaper and write what I tell you."

I was completely in his power, and so I took out the paper and wrote as the thief dictated. This is what I was forced to write: "I hereby swear that this night I have been in full possession of the flawless emerald which belongs to Miss Ada Caldara."

"Now write the date and sign it," said the burglar, "with your full name."

I did as I was told, and the man picked up the signed paper and stuck it in the pocket where he had already placed the emerald. Then he backed toward the door.

"Young man," he said, when he had found the door knob, "my advice to you is not to move. If you do I may get it pretty bad if I'm caught, but you'll get the worst of it whatever happens." He spoke with great authority, and even before he had opened the door and backed slowly out I was convinced that there was much truth in his argument. If I ran to the window and called the police, and if they came in time to catch the culprit, which was most doubtful at that time of night and in that neighborhood, I could only accuse the man of stealing a gem which after all had come into my own possession under the most suspicious circumstances. Thus I argued with myself until I heard my front door close with a bang. Then I jumped up, threw open the window and looked out; but the street was apparently deserted and I heard no footsteps to mar the stillness of the night. I returned to my desk, relighted my pipe, and pondered long over my loss—or rather that of Miss Caldara—and just how great was my responsibility in the matter. I know that I cursed the day I had ever heard of the flawless emerald. Here I was, about to set out on my first long vacation abroad, suddenly confronted with the unpleasant facts that I had been the receiver of stolen goods, and that I had then been deprived of the same goods in a most ignominious manner, by an extraordinary burglar, who, not content with his swag, must force me to give him a sworn statement that it had once been in my possession. This was surely no ordinary "second-story" worker, for in no way did he conform to the general idea of the type. His clothes were well cut, his linen was of the finest, and his voice was apparently that of a man of culture. Of course, I know that many men of refinement have become burglars, and the value of the prize in this case was worthy of the best of rogues, but I could not imagine what he wanted with that carefully worded statement. Admitting that I had written myself down a thief, of what possible use could my caller in the black mask make of it? My only satisfaction was in the thought that I was really not guilty, and that while I had been robbed with ridiculous ease, no one, however brave, could have acted differently. My position was a most unfortunate one, and after thinking for a long time over the matter I reached the conclusion that if the law did not prevent, I should still take my vacation abroad and the incidents of that evening should hasten rather than retard my departure. In fact, I decided that the next steamer to leave the port of New York was the best boat for me. Fortunately I had that morning's "Herald" in my room, and I eagerly scanned the shipping news to find if there was a ship sailing the next morning. There was only one, and it was bound for Naples and Genoa. Why not? (Continued on page 28)



PANORAMIC VIEW OF FRANKLIN FIELD, PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28,—

# THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1903

By WALTER CAMP

PICKING eleven candidates for an "All-America" football team is a matter of individual opinion, and a pastime which every football student may enjoy for himself. There are always a few "stars" of such unquestioned pre-eminence that their places are secure. Then comes the task of sifting from a splendid army of first-class players, the few whose all-round usefulness to their respective elevens makes them shine above their deserving fellows. This year, my choice for a representative American eleven includes a number of players of impressive brilliance, such as De Witt and Hogan, the most conspicuous of the Eastern College giants, and Heston of Michigan. In their several positions, all the other selections, which give three players to Princeton, two to Yale, two to Harvard, one each to Dartmouth, Carlisle, Michigan and Columbia, are leaders in their class. The "second string" is uncommonly high-class when it includes such players as Davis and Shevlin as ends, Nichols, Mitchell, and Miller, as backs, and Thorpe and Schacht, as tackles.

Some of the reasons for these choices are as follows:

Henry of Princeton, while having close competition, in the big game outshone his team mate Davis, and was, especially in the second half, strong, aggressive, and fast. He aids in the attack, and is a veteran in experience.

Hogan of Yale has again demonstrated the fact that he is one of the most consistent ground gainers on the gridiron, and can take distance no matter how many men have held him or what the opposition may be. His defence has also been good, and his play has been consistent throughout the year.

De Witt of Princeton is the hero of the year, in that he won his own game from Yale. The year has improved him very much in his regular work in the guard's position. He is big, powerful, and quick for a heavy man. In former years his line work has suffered, owing to his being used so much for kicking, but this year he kept that part of the work up to the standard, at the same time that he took care of the other duties given to him.

Hooper of Dartmouth has perhaps been granted an opportunity that might not have come to him in other seasons, owing to the fact that first-class men in the middle of the line have been scarce. For all that, he would have shown even in better company, and Dartmouth had in him a most valuable acquisition. He is fast for his weight, a good passer for his quarter, and snaps well for kicks.

A. Marshall of Harvard was by far the strongest man in the Harvard line, and more than that, thoroughly consistent throughout the season. He is big, powerful, and experienced.

Knowlton of Harvard has not yet proved as strong a ground gainer as Hogan of Yale, but on the defensive is very safe, and in aiding his runner is as good as any man on the gridiron this year.

Heston of Michigan is of the build of Shevlin of Yale, but about six pounds lighter, can cover 100 yards well under 10½ seconds and always fights for the last inch. He is equally strong on attack and defence, and uses his head every moment, not only in taking his openings but in runs in an open field.

Kafer of Princeton has the build, speed, and aggressiveness of a first-class back, and with his weight and strength on defence would be just the man to play alongside and with Heston.

Smith of Columbia is one of the strongest defensive players of the year, and a good aggressive heavy-line plunger. With Smith to do the centre hammering, Heston to circle outside of tackle, and Kafer for tandems on tackle and end, and Johnson with his speed to handle the ball and his ability to use men, this combination of four would make a back field that would take a lot of stopping.

Rafferty, the Yale captain, quite surpassed himself in his speed and head work in the two big games. Time and again he made up for the more or less irregularity of Kinney, his own tackle, by meeting the Harvard and Princeton attacks with magnificent tenacity, and lived up to his reputation for getting down the field and terrific tackling.

Johnson, captain and quarter-back of the Indian team, demonstrated in his Harvard and Pennsylvania games his ability as a strategist as well as his power as a quarter-back. He is versatile, watches the ball splendidly, understands how to use his men, and plays so as to get good work out of them, and finally is a dangerous man on field-kick goals.

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

| | First Eleven | Second Eleven | Third Eleven |
|---|---|---|---|
| End | Henry, *Princeton* | Davis, *Princeton* | Redden, *Michigan* |
| Tackle | Hogan, *Yale* | Thorpe, *Columbia* | Turner, *Dartmouth* |
| Guard | De Witt, *Princeton* | Riley, *West Point* | Berthke, *Wisconsin* |
| Centre | Hooper, *Dartmouth* | Strathern, *Minnesota* | Bruce, *Columbia* |
| Guard | A. Marshall, *Harvard* | Gilman, *Dartmouth* | Piekarski, *Penn.* |
| Tackle | Knowlton, *Harvard* | Schacht, *Minnesota* | Maddock, *Michigan* |
| End | Rafferty, *Yale* | Shevlin, *Yale* | Rogers, *Minnesota* |
| Quarter | Johnson, *Carlisle* | Whitham, *Dartmouth* | Harris, *Minnesota* |
| Half | Heston, *Michigan* | Nichols, *Harvard* | Graver, *Michigan* |
| Half | Kafer, *Princeton* | Mitchell, *Yale* | Stankard, *Holy Cross* |
| Full | Smith, *Columbia* | R. Miller, *Princeton* | Salmon, *Notre Dame* |

## THE PLAY AMONG THE EASTERN TEAMS

THE EASTERN football season aroused greater popular interest than any previous campaign of this fast and furious sport, which has swept the country from sea to sea. Changes in the playing rules stimulated public patronage in an unusual degree, for one thing, as no one knew quite what the coaches and their teams would make of the possibilities for novelties in strategic development, and it is the unexpected that makes football in a class by itself for thrilling interest from kick-off to the call of time. Through the preliminary season, Yale and Princeton gave promise that theirs would be the great game of the Eastern series, and their pre-eminent rivalry lent an element of progressive interest to the season's progress.

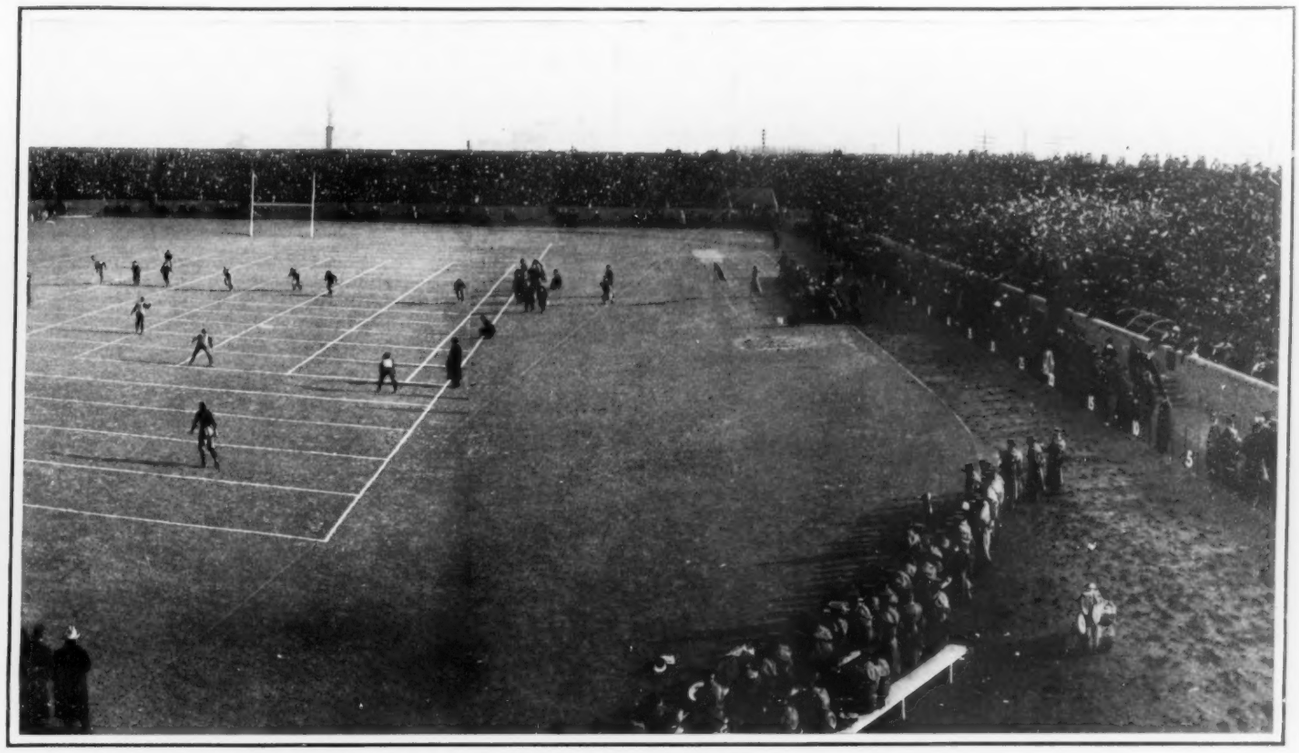
Whether this balanced the loss of interest in the Harvard eleven, owing to its erratic work during the early part of the season, it is hard to tell. Flashes of hope from time to time made the followers of the crimson believe that there was yet a chance for her to make a brilliant finish, and to wipe out the stigma of defeats by such teams as Amherst and Dartmouth, by winning both the Pennsylvania and the Yale game. In fact, after Harvard's defeat of Pennsylvania until Dartmouth quenched in gloom the hope which had just begun to burn brightly in the hearts of the Cambridge followers, it was more than a forlorn belief that Harvard would come on rapidly, and at least hold Yale to a close contest with a fair chance of winning out.

Of all the teams Princeton was the most consistent in performance, and it was that steady consistency that gave her eleven the confidence which enabled them to win the Yale game, in which their opponents had scored first, and where in running attack their opponents had shown more power. It took a team of the finest quality of nerves to meet the issue that came up in that contest, and it was the coolness and ability of Captain De Witt which enabled the Tigers to score the winning five points by a field-kick goal in the last minute of the game. No one had been able to score upon Princeton until she met her big rivals, and the touchdown which Yale hammered out was the only beat on the season's remarkable record. The team was aggressive, self-reliant, and determined, and these qualities brought them through to the top.

Yale's had in mid-season the most powerful attack of any team on the gridiron, as was shown whenever their offence was turned loose and sent at its top speed. The first indication of its great power came in the West Point game, but against Columbia the following week there was further demonstration when Yale let out a link and scored twenty-five points in the second half. Physical injuries militated somewhat against its further development, but Yale's was the only team able to carry the ball against Princeton's defence, and when the Yale machine was in working order it bore down even the Tigers to a touchdown. For all that, it was not the consistent attack which Yale exhibited toward the end of last year. Parts of the machine did not run as smoothly, and it was only at times that the full power was put on.

It was this fault that kept Yale adherents uneasy in many of the earlier games, and which was inexplicable to most observers.

The real reason for the difficulty lay in the method



WHERE WEST POINT DEFEATED ANNAPOLIS, 40 to 5, IN THE PRESENCE OF 25,000 SPECTATORS

of feeding the ball to the back field more than anything else. Yale lost last year in Holt a remarkable centre, who, although his work was not particularly showy, got the ball to the quarter-back in such a way that the quarter was able, without the loss of motion, to give it to the backs. This year the Yale centre, green and of a different build from Holt, was unable to give the ball to Rockwell, the Yale quarter, in the same way that Holt had done, and this practically made one more motion for the quarter-back than his backs were accustomed to. Compelled to make an entirely new centre trio, Yale was unable throughout the season fully to correct the difficulties here, and the men behind the line never got the same kind of passing to which they had become accustomed last year. Yale's defence stopped everything short of her goal line. The only touchdown of the season resulted from faulty work in allowing a blocked kick, which enabled De Witt to get a clear field for an eighty-yard run. Dartmouth, which came so near to defeating Harvard last year, reaped rich satisfaction this season by winning a decisive victory over the lordly crimson. Better than that, Dartmouth played a remarkably powerful game throughout the season, and although defeated, 17—0, by Princeton, felt more cheerful a week later, when she knew she had been whipped by the champions of them all.

Kafer—Half-back

Columbia's career was unusually satisfactory. With the exception of the Yale game, it would have been reckoned a phenomenal success, as the blue and white defeated Pennsylvania and Cornell, and the adherents of the team took great satisfaction in that they held Yale during the first half 0—0. But the second half in that Yale contest was the one big blot on the escutcheon. However, that was forgotten when the public realized that there was no attack exhibited by any other team that was as strong as Yale's when it was once fairly in motion, and it certainly was in motion in the Columbia game.

The Carlisle Indians under Coach Warner had a brilliant season, almost beating Harvard, defeating the University of Pennsylvania, and, although handicapped by a wet field, they played a good game with Princeton, and finally, in what was called an East *vs.* West match, overwhelmed Northwestern in Chicago 28—0. A contest which all would have liked to see would have been one between Dartmouth and the Indians. The Indians developed still further their well-known trick-plays, and one of them, the concealment of the ball under a man's jersey, proved disastrous to Harvard to the extent of a touchdown. The Indians were by no means wholly dependent upon trick-plays, however, although there is no question but that they used these more than any other team, and their more legitimate plays were capital in execution. Johnson, their captain, was a good quarter and a very dangerous man at trying for goals from the field.

Johnson—Quarter-back

West Point, while not as strong as in some former years, showed many of the old characteristics, especially that spirit of determination which goes so far toward the army successes. She scored five points in the Yale game, although defeated finally 17—5, and had a close match with Harvard. In what was heralded at the opening of the season as an opportunity to compare the East with the West, namely, a match with Chicago, West Point won out, scoring twice to the Westerners' one tally.

Smith—Full-back

Harvard was the most erratic performer of the season, at times showing glimpses of power, but then falling off into raggedness of execution and general demoralization. The shifting of the men seemed at times to benefit the situation somewhat, but not for very long. It was not until the Pennsylvania game that the team showed any likelihood of getting into championship form. In that game they played well, and with the exception of the handling of kicks, their work was good enough to give them a standing against Yale.

Heston—Half-back

In the Dartmouth game the next week they came up against a very powerful team, a team far better than the general public supposed, and it is not so surprising that they lost the game as it is that they were so unable to gain ground. Their plays, which had been compact and powerful in the Pennsylvania game, seemed to have lost cohesion, else they certainly must have made more yards than they did in that contest. In their final contest with Yale they showed the best form of the season, and had it not been for their weakness in the kicking department, the game would have been an uncommonly close struggle. (*Continued on page 29.*)

Henry—End

Hogan—Tackle

De Witt—Guard

Hooper—Centre

A. Marshall—Guard

Knowlton—Tackle

Rafferty—End

# THE BORDERLAND

## By WINSTON CHURCHILL

### Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," etc.

THE STORY

THE BORDERLAND, begun in last week's Collier's, is the first book of Mr. Churchill's new novel, The Crossing. It deals with the Louisiana Purchase period, and is the complete story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It tells of the life of those pioneers who, under Clark's leadership, captured from the British and savages that great territory which now comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It will be published in twelve weekly parts. The story is told by David Ritchie, a canny youngster of Scotch descent, who, left an orphan, drifted with the tide across the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, saw the brutalities of the fighting in the log forts, and went with Clark's men to Kaskaskia and Vincennes as the pet of the regiment.

SYNOPSIS OF PART I

DAVID RITCHIE, a boy of ten at the time of the opening of the story (1780), lives with his father, a frontiersman, in the Blue Ridge country, near the source of the Yadkin River. News reaches them that the Cherokees, abetted by the British, are on the warpath, and Ritchie decides to join in fighting the enemy, but first takes his son to Charlestown, there placing him under the care of one Temple. From his new home David witnesses the bombardment of the fort by British ships. To the boy's delight, the attack is repulsed. His host meanwhile, suspected of political equivocation, has fled the city and taken refuge with the British fleet at anchor in the harbor. In observance of his father's implied wishes, David is now sent out to Temple's country seat, not far from the City of Charlestown.

### CHAPTER IV.—Temple Bow

IN THE MORNING I started for Temple Bow on horseback behind one of Mr. Lowndes' negroes. Good Mrs. Lowndes had kissed me at parting, and tucked into my pocket a parcel of sweetmeats. There had been a few grave gentlemen to see me, and to their questions I had replied what I could. But tell them of Mr. Temple I would not, save that he himself had told me nothing. And Mr. Lowndes had presently put an end to their talk.

"The lad knows nothing, gentlemen," he had said, which was true.

"David," said he, when he bade me farewell, "I see that your father has brought you up to fear God. Remember that all you see in this life is not to be imitated."

And so I went off behind his negro. He was a merry boy, and despite the great heat of the journey and my misgivings about Temple Bow, he made me laugh. I was sad at crossing the ferry over the Ashley, through thinking of my father, but I reflected that it could not be long now ere I saw him again. In the middle of the day we stopped at a tavern. And at length, in the abundant shade of evening, we came to a pair of great ornamental gates set between brick pillars capped with white balls, and turned into a drive. And presently, winding through the trees, we were in sight of a long brick mansion trimmed with white, and a velvet lawn before it all flecked with shadows. In front of the portico was a saddled horse, craning his neck at two panting hounds stretched on the ground. A negro boy in blue clutched the bridle. On the horse-block a gentleman in white reclined. He wore shiny boots, and he held his hat in his hand, and he was gazing up at a lady who stood on the steps above him.

The lady I remember as well—Lord forbid that I should forget her. And her laugh as I heard it that evening is ringing now in my ears. And yet it was not a laugh. Musical it was, yet there seemed no pleasure in it: rather irony, and a great weariness of the amusements of this world: and a note, too, from a vanity never ruffled. It stopped abruptly as the negro pulled up his horse before her, and she stared at us haughtily.

"What's this?" she said.

"Pardon, Mistis," said the negro, "I'se got a letter from Marse Lowndes."

"Mr. Lowndes should instruct his niggers," she said. "There is a servants' drive." The man was turning his horse when she cried: "Hold! Let's have it."

He dismounted and gave her the letter, and I jumped to the ground, watching her as she broke the seal, taking her in, as a boy will, from the flowing skirt and tight-laced stays of her salmon silk to her high and powdered hair. She must have been about thirty. Her face was beautiful, but had no particle of expression in it, and was dotted here and there with little black patches of plaster. While she was reading, a sober gentleman in black silk breeches and severe coat came out of the house and stood beside her.

"Heigho, parson," said the gentleman on the horse-block, without moving, "are you to preach against loo or lansquenet to-morrow?"

"Would it make any difference to you, Mr. Riddle?"

Before he could answer there came a great clatter behind them, and a boy of my own age appeared. With a leap he landed sprawling on the indolent gentleman's shoulders, nearly upsetting him.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman, pitching him on the drive almost at my feet; then he fell back again to a position where he could look up at the lady.

"Harry Riddle," cried the boy, "I'll ride steeple-chases and beat you some day."

"Hush, Nick," cried the lady, petulantly, "I'll have no nerves left me." She turned to the letter again, holding it very near to her eyes, and made a wry face of impatience. Then she held the sheet out to Mr. Riddle.

"A pretty piece of news," she said languidly. "Read it, Harry."

The gentleman seized her hand instead. The lady glanced at the clergyman, whose back was turned, and shook her head.

"How tiresome you are!" she said.

"What's happened?" asked Mr. Riddle, letting go as the parson looked around.

"Oh, they've had a battle," said the lady, "and Moultrie and his Rebels have beat off the King's fleet."

"The devil they have!" exclaimed Mr. Riddle, while the parson started forward. "Anything more?"

"Yes, a little." She hesitated. "That husband of mine has fled Charlestown. They think he went to the fleet." And she shot a meaning look at Mr. Riddle, who in turn flushed red. I was watching them.

"What!" cried the clergyman, "John Temple has run away?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Riddle. "One can't live between wind and water long. And Charlestown's—uncomfortable in summer."

At that the clergyman cast one look at them—such a look as I shall never forget—and went into the house.

"Mamma," said the boy, "where has father gone? Has he run away?"

"Yes. Don't bother me, Nick."

"I don't believe it," cried Nick, his voice shaking. "I'd—I'd disown him."

At that Mr. Riddle burst into a hearty laugh.

"Come, Nick," said he, "it isn't so bad as that. Your father's for his Majesty, like the rest of us. He's merely gone over to fight for him." And he looked at the lady and laughed again. But I liked the boy.

As for the lady, she curled her lip. "Mr. Riddle, don't be foolish," she said. "If we are to play, send your horse to the stables." Suddenly her eye lighted on me. "One more brat," she sighed. "Nick, take him to the nursery, or the stable. And both of you keep out of my sight."

Nick strode up to me.

"Don't mind her. She's always saying, 'Keep out of my sight.' His voice trembled. He took me by the sleeve and began pulling me around the house and into a little summer bower that stood there; for he had a masterful manner.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"David Trimble," I said.

"Have you seen my father in town?"

The intense earnestness of the question surprised an answer out of me.

"Yes."

"Where?" he demanded.

"In his house. My father left me with your father."

"Tell me about it."

I related as much as I dared, leaving out Mr. Temple's double dealing; which, in truth, I did not understand. But the boy was relentless.

"Why," said he, "my father was a friend of both Mr. Lowndes and Mr. Mathews. I have seen them here drinking with him. And in town. And he ran away?"

"I do not know where he went," said I, which was the truth.

He said nothing, but hid his face in his arms over the rail of the bower. At length he looked up at me fiercely.

"If you ever tell this, I will kill you," he cried. "Do you hear?"

That made me angry.

"Yes, I hear," I said. "But I am not afraid of you."

He was at me in an instant, knocking me to the floor, so that the breath went out of me, and was pounding me vigorously ere I recovered from the shock and astonishment of it and began to defend myself. He was taller than I, and wiry, but not so rugged. Yet there was a look about him that was far beyond his strength. A look that meant, *never say die*. Curiously, even as I fought desperately I compared him with that other lad I had known, Andy Jackson. And this one, though not so powerful, frightened me the more in his relentlessness.

Perhaps we should have been fighting still had not some one pulled us apart, and when my vision cleared I saw Nick, struggling and kicking, held tightly in the hands of the clergyman. And it was all that gentleman could do to restrain him. I am sure it was quite five minutes before he forced the lad, exhausted, on to the seat. And then there was a defiance about his nostrils that showed he was undefeated. The clergyman, still holding him with one hand, took out his handkerchief with the other and wiped his brow.

I expected a scolding and a sermon. To my amazement the clergyman said quietly:

"Now what was the trouble, David?"

"I'll not be the one to tell it, sir," I said, and trembled at my temerity.

The parson looked at me queerly.

"Then you are in the right of it," he said. "It is as I thought; I'll not expect Nicholas to tell me."

"I will tell you, sir," said Nicholas. "He was in the house with my father when—when he ran away. And I said that if he ever spoke of it to any one, I would kill him."

For a while the clergyman was silent, gazing with a strange tenderness at the lad, whose face was averted.

"And you, David?" he said presently.

"I—I never mean to tell, sir. But I was not to be frightened."

"Quite right, my lad," said the clergyman, so kindly that it sent a strange thrill through me. Nicholas looked up quickly.

"You won't tell," he said.

"No," I said.

"You can let me go now, Mr. Mason," said he. Mr. Mason did. And he came over and sat beside me, but said nothing more.

After a while Mr. Mason cleared his throat.

"Nicholas," said he, "when you grow older you will understand these matters better. Your father went away to join the side he believes in, the side we all believe in—the King's side."

"Did he ever pretend to like the other side?" asked Nick, quickly.

"When you grow older you will know his motives," answered the clergyman, gently. "Until then, you must trust him."

"You never pretended," cried Nick.

"Thank God I never was forced to do so," said the clergyman, fervently.

It is wonderful that the conditions of our existence may wholly change without a seeming strangeness. After many years only vivid snatches of what I saw and heard and did at Temple Bow come back to me. I understood but little the meaning of the seigniorial life there. My chief wonder now is that its golden surface was not more troubled by the winds then brewing. It was a new life to me, one that I had not dreamed of.

After that first falling out, Nick and I became inseparable. Far slower than he in my likes and dislikes, he soon became a passion with me. Even as a boy, he did everything with a grace unsurpassed; the dash and daring of his pranks took one's breath; his generosity to those he loved was prodigal. Nor did he ever miss a chance to score those under his displeasure. At times he was reckless beyond words to describe, and again he would fall sober for a day. He could be cruel and tender in the same hour; abandoned and freezing in his dignity. He had an old negro mammy whose worship for him and his possessions was idolatry. I can hear her now calling and calling. "Marse

THE CONGO CHIEF

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Nick, honey, yo' supper's done got cole," as she searched patiently among the magnolias. And suddenly there would be a shout, and Mammy's turban go flying from her woolly head, or Mammy herself would be dragged down from behind and sat upon.

We had our supper, Nick and I, at twilight, in the children's dining-room. A little white room, unevenly panelled, the silver candlesticks and yellow flames fantastically reflected in the mirrors between the deep windows, and the moths and June-bugs tilting at the lights. We sat at a little mahogany table eating porridge and cream from round blue bowls, with Mammy to wait upon us. Sometimes there floated in upon us the hum of revelry from the great drawing-room where Madame had her company. Often the good Mr. Mason would come in to us (he cared little for the parties), and talk to us of our day's doings. Nick had his lessons from the clergyman in the winter time.

Mr. Mason took occasion once to question me on what I knew. Some of my answers, in especial those relating to my knowledge of the Bible, surprised him. Others made him sad.

"David," said he, "you are an earnest lad, with a head to learn, and you will. When your father comes, I shall talk with him." He paused—"I knew him," said he, "I knew him ere you were born. A just man, and upright, but with a great sorrow. We must never be hasty in our judgments. But you will never be hasty, David," he added, smiling at me. "You are a good companion for Nicholas."

Nicholas and I slept in the same bedroom, at a corner of the long house, and far removed from his mother. She would not be disturbed by the noise he made in the mornings. I remember that he had cut in the solid shutters, folded into the embrasures, *"Nicholas Temple, His Mark,"* and a long, flat sword. The first night in that room we slept but little, near the whole of it being occupied with tales of my adventures and of my life in the mountains. Over and over again I must tell him of the "painters" and wildcats, of deer and bear and wolf. Nor was he ever satisfied. And at length I came to speak of that land where I had often lived in fancy—the land beyond the mountains of which Daniel Boone had told. Of its forest and glade, its countless herds of elk and buffalo, its salt-licks and Indians, until we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

"I will go there," he cried in the morning, as he hurried into his clothes; "I will go to that land as sure as my name is Nick Temple. And you shall go with me, David."

"Perchance I shall go before you," I answered, though I had small hopes of persuading my father.

He would often make his exit by the window, climbing down into the garden by the protruding bricks at the corner of the house. Or sometimes go shouting down the long halls and through the gallery to the great stairway, a smothered oath from behind the closed bedroom doors proclaiming that he had waked a guest. And many days we spent in the wood, playing at hunting game—a poor enough amusement for me, and one that Nick soon tired of. They were thick, wet woods, unlike our woods of the mountains; and more than once we had excitement enough with the snakes that lay there.

I believe that in a week's time Nick was as conversant with my life as I myself. For he made me tell of it again and again, and of Kentucky. And always as he listened his eyes would glow and his breast heave with excitement.

"Do you think your father will take you there, David, when he comes for you?"

I hoped so, but was doubtful.

"I'll run away with you," he declared. "There is no one here who cares for me save Mr. Mason and Mammy."

And I believe he meant it. He saw but little of his mother, and nearly always something unpleasant was coupled with his views. Sometimes we ran across her in the garden paths walking with a gallant—oftenest Mr. Riddle. It was a beautiful garden, with hedge-bordered walks and flowers wondrously massed in color, a high brick wall surrounding it. Frequently Mrs. Temple and Mr. Riddle would play at cards there of an afternoon, and when that musical, unbelieving laugh of hers came floating over the wall, Nick would say:

"Mamma is winning."

Once we heard high words between the two, and running into the garden found the cards scattered on the grass, and the couple gone.

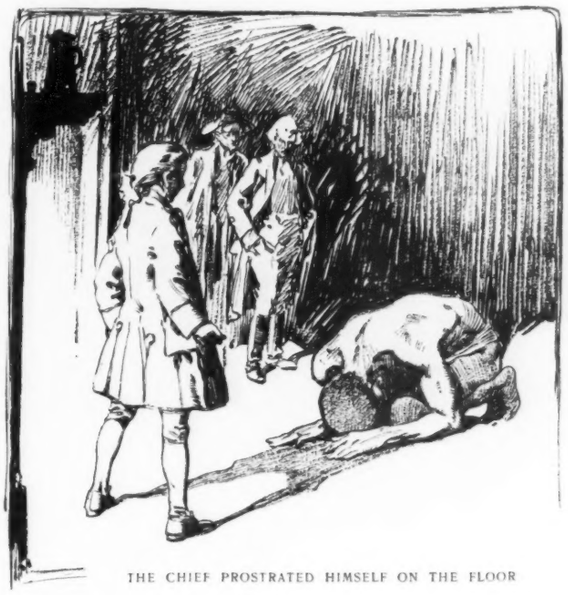
Of all Nick's escapades—and he was continually in and out of them—I recall only a few of the more serious. As I have said, he was a wild lad, sobered by none of the things which had gone to make my life, and what he took into his head to do he generally did—or, if balked, flew into such a rage as to make one believe he could not live. Life was always war with him, or some semblance of a struggle. Of his many wild doings I recall well the time when—fired by my tales of hunting—he went out to attack the young bull in the paddock with a bow and arrow. It made small difference to the bull that the arrow was too blunt to enter his hide. With a bellow that frightened the idle negroes at the slave quarters, he started for Master Nick. I, who had been taught by my father never to run any unnecessary risk, had taken the precaution to provide as large a stone as I could comfortably throw, and took station on the fence. As the furious animal came charging, with his head lowered, I struck him by a good fortune between the eyes, and Nicholas got over. We were standing on the far side, watching him pawing the broken bow, when, in the crowd of frightened negroes, we discovered the parson beside us.

"David," said he, patting me with a shaking hand, "I perceive that you have a cool head. Our young friend here has a hot one. Dr. Johnson may not care for Scotch blood, and yet I think a wee bit of it is not to be despised."

I wondered whether Dr. Johnson was staying in the house too.

How many slaves there were at Temple Bow I know not, but we used to see them coming home at night in droves, the overseers riding beside them with whips and guns. One day a huge Congo chief, not long from Africa, nearly killed an overseer, and escaped to the swamp. As the twilight drew on, we heard the baying of the bloodhounds hot upon his trail. More ominous still, a sound like a rising wind from the direction of the quarters. Into our little dining-room burst Mrs. Temple herself, slamming the door behind her. Mr. Mason, who was sitting with us, rose to calm her.

"The Rebels!" she cried. "The Rebels have taught them this, with their accursed notions of liberty and equality. We shall all be murdered by the blacks because of the Rebels. Oh, hell-fire is too good for them. Have the house barred and a watch set to-night. What shall we do?"



THE CHIEF PROSTRATED HIMSELF ON THE FLOOR

"I pray you compose yourself, Madame," said the clergyman. "We can send for the militia."

"The militia!" she shrieked; "the Rebel militia! They would murder us as soon as the niggers."

"They are respectable men," answered Mr. Mason, "and were at Fanning Hall to-day patrolling."

"I would rather be killed by whites than blacks," said the lady. "But who is to go for the militia?"

"I will ride for them," said Mr. Mason. It was a dark, lowering night, and spitting rain.

"And leave me defenceless!" she cried. "You do not stir, sir."

"It is a pity," said Mr. Mason—he was goaded to it, I suppose—"'tis a pity Mr. Riddle did not come to-night."

She shot at him a withering look, for even in her fear she would brook no liberties. Nick spoke up:—

"I will go," said he; "I can get through the woods to Fanning Hall—"

"And I will go with him," I said.

"Let the brats go," she said, and cut short Mr. Mason's expostulations. She drew Nick to her and kissed him. He wriggled away, and without more ado we climbed out of the dining-room windows into the night. Running across the lawn, we left the lights of the great house twinkling behind us in the rain. We had to pass the long line of cabins at the quarters. Three overseers with lanterns stood guard there; the cabins were dark, the wretches within silent and cowed. Thence we felt with our feet for the path across the fields, stumbled over a sty, and took our way through the black woods. I was at home here, and Nick was not to be frightened. At intervals the mournful bay of a bloodhound came to us from a distance.

"Suppose we should meet the Congo chief," said Nick, suddenly.

The idea had occurred to me.

"She needn't have been so frightened," said he, in scornful remembrance of his mother's actions.

We pressed on. Nick knew the path as only a boy can. Half an hour passed. It grew brighter. The rain ceased, and a new moon shot out between the leaves. I seized his arm.

"What's that?" I whispered.

"A deer."

But I, cradled in woodcraft, had heard plainly a man creeping through the underbrush beside us. Fear of the Congo chief and pity for the wretch tore at my heart.

Suddenly there loomed in front of us, on the path, a great naked man. We stood with useless limbs, staring at him.

Then, from the trees over our heads, came a chittering and a chattering such as I had never heard. The big man before us dropped to the earth, his head bowed, muttering. As for me, my fright increased. The chattering stopped, and Nick stepped forward and laid his hand on the negro's bare shoulder.

"We needn't be afraid of him now, Davy," he said. "I learned that trick from a Portuguese overseer we had last year."

"You did it!" I exclaimed, my astonishment overcoming my fear.

"It's the way the monkeys chatter in the Canaries," he said. "Manuel had a tame one, and I heard it talk. Once before I tried it on the chief, and he fell down. He thinks I'm a god."

It must have been a weird scene to see the great negro following two boys in the moonlight. Indeed, he came after us like a hound. At length we were in sight of the lights of Fanning Hall. The militia was there. We were challenged by the guard, and caused sufficient amazement when we appeared in the hall before the master, who was a bachelor of fifty.

"'Sblood, Nick Temple!" he cried, "what are you doing here with that big Congo for a dog? The sight of him frightens me."

The negro, indeed, was a sight to frighten one. The black mud of the swamps was caked on him, and his flesh was torn by brambles.

"He ran away," said Nick; "and I am taking him home."

"You—you are taking him home!" sputtered Mr. Fanning.

"Do you want to see him act?" said Nick. And without waiting for a reply he filled the hall with a dozen monkeys. Mr. Fanning leaped back into a doorway, but the chief prostrated himself on the floor. "Now do you believe I can take him home?" said Nick.

"'Swounds!" said Mr. Fanning, when he had his breath. "You beat the devil, Nicholas Temple. The next time you come to call I pray you leave your travelling show at home."

"Mamma sent me for the militia," said Nick.

"She did!" said Mr. Fanning, looking grim. "An insurrection is a bad thing, but there was no danger for two lads in the woods, I suppose?"

"There's no danger anyway," said Nick. "The niggers are all scared to death."

Mr. Fanning burst out into a loud laugh, stopped suddenly, sat down, and took Nick on his knee. It was an incongruous scene. Mr. Fanning almost cried.

"Bless your soul," he said, "but you are a lad. Would to God I had you instead of—"

He paused abruptly.

"I must go home," said Nick; "she will be worried."

"*She* will be worried!" cried Mr. Fanning, in a burst of anger. Then he said: "You shall have the militia. You shall have the militia." He rang a bell and sent his steward for the captain, a gawky, country farmer, who gave a gasp when he came upon the scene in the hall.

"And mind," said Nick to the captain, "you are to keep your men away from him, or he will kill one of them."

The captain grinned at him curiously.

"I reckon I shan't have to tell 'em to keep away," said he.

Mr. Fanning started us off for the walk with pockets filled with sweetmeats, which we nibbled on the way back. We made a queer procession, Nick and I striding ahead to show the path, followed by the now servile chief, and after him the captain and his twenty men in single file. It was midnight when we saw the lights of Temple Bow through the trees. One of the tired overseers met us near the kitchen. When he perceived the Congo his face lighted up with rage, and he instinctively reached for his whip. But the chief stood before him, immovable, with arms folded, and a look on his face that meant danger.

"He will kill you, Emory," said Nick; "he will kill you if you touch him."

Emory dropped his hand, limply.

"He will go to work in the morning," said Nick; "but mind you, not a lash."

"Very good, Master Nick," said the man; "but who's to get him in his cabin?"

"I will," said Nick. He beckoned to the Congo, who followed him over to quarters and went in at his door without a protest.

The next morning Mrs. Temple looked out of her window and saw the militiamen on the lawn.

"Pooh!" she said, "are those butternuts the soldiers that Nick went to fetch?"

## CHAPTER V.—Cram's Hell

AFTER that my admiration for Nick Temple increased greatly, whether excited by his courage and presence of mind, or his ability to imitate men and women and creatures, I know not. One of our amusements, I recall, was to go to the Congo's cabin to see him fall on his face, until Mr. Mason put a stop to it. The clergyman let us know that we were encouraging idolatry, and he himself took the chief in hand.

Another incident comes to me from those bygone days. The fear of negro insurrections at the neighbor-

# NEW YEAR'S BUSINESS CHANGES

The New Year will bring many changes in the business world. In these closing weeks of 1903 progressive employers everywhere are taking careful account of their most valuable asset—their men. Some men will be promoted to places of greater trust and responsibility, while many others who have been found wanting will be forced to step down and out. As a result of these changes hundreds of large business houses are looking for competent men to fill important posts.

If you are a high grade employee you should be alive to these facts and you, as well as your employer, should be taking account of stock. There are a number of vital questions which you should be answering.

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ing plantations being temporarily lulled, the gentry began to pluck up courage for their usual amusements. There were to be races at some place a distance away, and Nick was determined to go. Had he not determined that I should go, all would have been well. The evening before he came upon his mother in the garden. Strange to say, she was in a gracious mood and alone.

"Come and kiss me, Nick," she said. "Now, what do you want?"

"I want to go to the races," he said.

"You have your pony. You can follow the coach."

"David is to ride the pony," said Nick, generously. "May I go in the coach?"

"No," she said, "there is no room for you."

Nicholas flared up. "Harry Riddle is going in the coach. I don't see why you can't take me sometimes. You like him better than me."

The lady flushed very red.

"How dare you, Nick," she cried angrily. "What has Mr. Mason been putting into your head?"

"Nothing," said Nick, quite as angrily. "Any one can see that you like Harry. And I *will* ride in the coach."

"You'll not," said his mother.

I had heard nothing of this. The next morning he led out his pony from the stables for me to ride, and insisted. And, supposing he was to go in the coach, I put foot in the stirrup. Presently, with a great noise and clatter of hoofs, the coach rounded the drive, the negro coachman pulling up the four horses with much ceremony at the door. It was a wondrous great vehicle, the bright colors of its body flashing in the morning light. And behind it was a platform. That morning two young negroes with flowing blue coats stood on it. They leaped to the ground when the coach stopped, and stood each side of the door, waiting for my lady to enter.

She came down the steps, laughing, with Mr. Riddle, who was in his riding clothes, for he was to race that day. He handed her in, and got in after her. The coachman cracked his whip, the coach creaked off down the drive, I in the trees one side waiting for them to pass, and wondering what Nick was to do. He had let go my bridle, folded his whip in his hand, and with a shout of "Come on, Davy," he ran for the coach which was going slowly, caught hold of the footman's platform, and pulled himself up.

What possessed the footman I know not. Perchance fear of his mistress was greater than fear of his young master; but he took the lad by the shoulders—gently, to be sure—and pushed him into the road, where he fell and rolled over. I guessed what would happen. Picking himself up, Nick was at the man like a hurricane, seizing him swiftly by the leg. The negro fell upon the platform, clutching wildly, where he lay in a sheer fright shrieking for mercy, his cries rivalled by those of the lady within. The coachman frantically pulled his horses to a stand, the other footman jumped off, and Mr. Harry Riddle came flying out of the coach door, to behold Nicholas beating the negro with his riding-whip.

"You young devil," cried Mr. Riddle, angrily, striding forward, "what are you doing?"

"Keep off, Harry," said Nicholas. "I am teaching this nigger that he is not to lay hands on his betters." And with that he gave the boy one more cut.

"What is it, Harry?" came in a shrill voice from within the coach.

"It's Nick's pranks," said Mr. Riddle, grinning in spite of his anger; "he's ruined one of your footmen. You little scoundrel," cried Mr. Riddle, advancing again, "you've frightened your mother nearly to a swoon."

"Serves her right," said Nick.

"What!" cried Mr. Riddle. "Come down from there instantly."

Nick raised his whip. It was not that that stopped Mr. Riddle, but a sign about the lad's nostrils.

"Harry Riddle," said the boy, "if it weren't for you, I'd be riding in this coach to-day with my mother. I don't want to ride with her, but I will go to the races. If you try to take me down, I'll do my best to kill you," and he lifted the loaded end of the whip.

Mrs. Temple's beautiful face had by this time been thrust out of the door.

"For the love of heaven, Harry, let him come in with us. We're late enough as it is."

Mr. Riddle turned on his heel. He tried to glare at Nick, but he broke into a laugh instead.

"Come down, Satan," says he. "God help the woman you love and the man you fight."

And so Nicholas jumped down, and into the coach. The footman picked himself up, more scared than injured, and the vehicle took its lumbering way for the race-course, I following.

I have seen many courses since, but none to equal that in the gorgeous dress of those who watched. There had been many, many more in former years, so I heard people say. This was the only sign that a war was in progress—the scanty number of gentry present—for all save the indifferent were gone to Charlestown or elsewhere. I recall it dimly, as a blaze of color passing: merry-making, jesting, feasting—a rare contrast, I thought, to the sight I had beheld in Charlestown Bay but a while before. Yet so runs the world—strife at one man's home, and peace and contentment at his neighbor's; sorrow here, and rejoicing not a league away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


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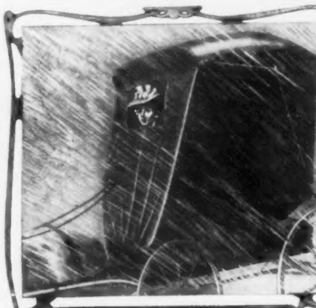

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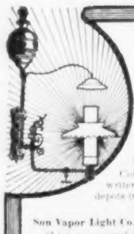

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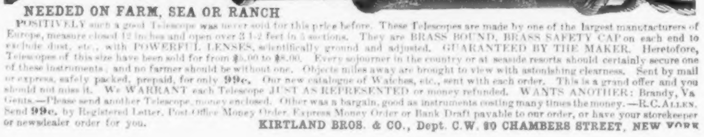


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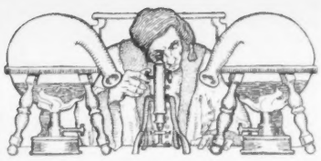

## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

### A Plant that is Better than Coal

THE sun power storage capacity of the eucalyptus tree is claimed to be so great that these trees will store up about one per cent of the solar energy received per unit area, and in some parts of Cape Colony it is considered cheaper to plant forests of these quick-growing trees than to import coal.

It has been shown that eucalyptus planted on a tropical mountain will produce twenty tons of the dense wood per acre, in perpetuity. The plantation will reproduce itself without further expense when cut, and, weight for weight, the wood has as great or greater heating power than coal. Most probably, with forced growth and proper attention, each acre could be made to yield about forty tons per acre. To do this a powerful sun, much rain, and forced growth are needed.

Looking over the map, it will be seen that these natural conditions exist over about eight billion acres of the earth's surface, and it has been estimated that one-half this area under forest would yield the equivalent of one hundred and sixty billions of tons of coal yearly, which is over two hundred and eighty times the world's present consumption of coal.

Then, with the present tropical and semi-tropical forests properly stocked and worked, the yield would be equivalent to between thirty to one hundred and twenty times the world's present consumption of coal.

### An Experiment with Salmon

IT HAS been a general conclusion with fishermen engaged in the salmon fisheries that salmon hatched in a river returned to the same river to spawn; but scientific investigation has failed to prove this. As a matter of fact, there is every probability that many salmon do return to their natal rivers for spawning purposes, but it is a matter of convenience and not due to instinct.

A Mr. J. C. Callbreath, assuming that salmon return as supposed, has long been conducting experiments on this line. He established himself on a small stream on the west coast of Etolin Island. This led from a lake, and in it multitudes of salmon of all varieties spawned. He hoped that by destroying all salmon other than the red variety he would eventually get it so that none but red salmon would run in the river. He made a dam across the stream, helped all the red salmon over it on their way up, and destroyed all the inferior kinds which entered. He also established a hatchery for the red salmon, turning loose about a thousand fry each year for twelve years, in the expectation that the salmon hatched would, owing to their instinct, return in about four years. By destroying all inferior varieties attempting to run, it was expected that they would become extinct as far as that stream was concerned.

The result of the experiment has been unsatisfactory. After twelve years there has been no increase in red salmon, and the other varieties are as numerous as ever. Mr. Callbreath assumes that this is because they do not return for sixteen years instead of the four that had been supposed. What is more probable is that the salmon freed join other bands and run in more congenial rivers, and that there is no truth in the idea that salmon return to spawn in the rivers in which they were hatched.

### Trying for an Electric Cannon

IF AN iron or steel bar is surrounded at one end by a long coil of wire of tubular form, and an electric current is passed through the coil, it will pull the bar forcibly inside it just as though the bar were sucked in.

Various inventors have tried to use this principle for projecting shells against an enemy, but the velocity attained has never been high enough. The latest attempt at a solution of the electric-gun problem comes from Norway. The inventor in this case has placed a number of "sucking coils," or "solenoids," in such manner as to form a long tube, with the projectile at one end. When it is desired to shoot, current is passed through the coil ahead of the projectile which is thus started; when well inside the first coil, a projection on the projectile itself opens the circuit in coil number one and closes that in number two; this operation is repeated for each coil, so that there is a continual magnetic pull on the shell, and, consequently, increasing velocity, until the last coil at the muzzle is reached.

The report does not state to what distance the shell can be thrown, but it seems hard to believe that it can rival powder for coast defence work, although it would have the advantage of lightness, silence, and an absence of shock to the projectile at the start. It could never be satisfactorily used as a field-gun on account of the very powerful electric apparatus needed.

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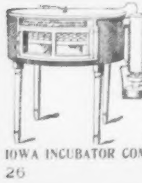

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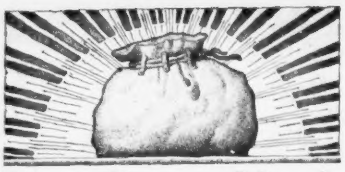

# The Easy Mark

Stories of the "shrewd Yankee" who is perhaps more often duped and fooled than any of his fellow-men

## By RALPH D. PAINE

### IV.—THE "SOILED MONEY" GAME

A BIT of information in fairly common circulation is that national banks collect all the tattered, dirty, and torn money of their own issues, and when it is no longer fit to be handled, make it up in packages and send it on to the Treasury Department. New notes are issued to replace this money, and the old bills are burned by the Government. This is the foundation fact on which the "soiled money" swindle is built.

It was a Western capitalist who fell into the trap chosen for illustration. He was a stranger in New York, and it all began with the old story of making a pleasant acquaintance, without looking up his pedigree. The preliminary stages are not essential, as they have been oftentimes described. Yet the observer can not withhold ever-new amazement at the ease and celerity with which men of unquestioned business shrewdness become "easy marks" through haphazard friendships. Greed is at the root of it all, and the blind eagerness to get something for nothing—even though it involves sharp practice—costs American victims millions of dollars annually.

#### *Fascinating Possibility*

The opportunity for wealth was unfolded to the "easy mark" in this neat and plausible narrative of the swindler:

"Most everybody in the country knows about the burning of this old, worn-out money. Of course, you've heard how it's done, as you've had a lot of dealings with the banks out your way. It goes without saying, that the old money is as good as new, so far as its value is concerned, and it's simply a matter of convenience between the banks and the Treasury to get it out of the way and replaced by bills that are nicer to carry around and count. But, by Jove, I'm not as fussy as all that, and I'd as lief have a big roll of that old money in my clothes as the newest, stiffest, crispest bills that ever slid through the printing-press, wouldn't you?"

The Westerner was diverted, and allowed his companion to prattle on in his artless, childish way:

"It struck me the other day, when a Wall Street man was mentioning this habit among the banks, that if a bundle of that old money got mislaid on its way to Washington, nobody would be the loser, and whoever found it would be in just so much cash. And if the bank did get stuck for the amount, and the Government refused to make good, I guess most of the New York banks could afford to lose a few thousand without putting the president and the cashier in the poorhouse."

#### *A Game Where Nobody Loses!*

The Western man yawned and said he guessed he'd go to bed. The casual discussion was dropped, and seemingly forgotten, until the amiable New Yorker met him a day or so later, and, after an excellent dinner, picked up the thread of the conversation, or monologue, about the "dirty, old money," by remarking:

"I laid awake half the night, so excited over a scheme that flashed into my mind that there was nothing doing in the sleep line. Do you remember my telling you that nobody would be the loser if a package of that shop-worn money went astray on the way to Washington? Well, I was wrong then, for, of course, somebody would be held responsible for loss in transmission. I'm not a very wise guy in financial methods, but I got some information pat that puts a new light on that little system. It seems that the bills to be destroyed are given to a trusted messenger, who carries them to Washington himself in a sealed package. The count is marked on the outside, and verified by the stamp of the bank's cashier and the bank's seal. Now, at this time of year, the Treasury force is so busy that most of the time they don't take the trouble to open the packages and count the old money, but dump them into the furnace, in the original bundles and wrappings, checking off the amounts as certified to by the banks. I'm sure of my facts, because I was infernally lucky in getting next to people who knew."

For the first time, there was a gleam of interest in the eye of the Westerner. The swindler recognized that expression, for it twinkled greed, and he knew that the victim was nibbling.

"You were right in the first place," said the man from the West. "If the facts are as you tell them, nobody would be the loser if a package with no money in it was dumped into the furnace without opening. The bank would get its new money in place of the old, the Government would have the old money officially recorded as destroyed,


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and—hum, well, if the old bills got into circulation again, it wouldn't be hurting any one, would it?"

"That's just it," cried the amiable New Yorker. "You're clever to work it out like a flash, when it took me half the night. To go a step further, if a bank messenger could be persuaded to substitute a dummy package, which would be tossed into the furnace, then the bundle of real money would be a handy thing to have, without the slightest chance of getting into trouble over it. Yes, it's a fascinating idea."

"Probably cost something to fix the messenger," grunted the Westerner, with just the first trace of suspicion in his tone. "Are you letting me in on this scheme, expecting me to put up the cash to put it in operation?"

"Not for a minute, my dear sir," replied the New Yorker. "Awfully sorry you misunderstood me so. If it is as good as it looks, I'm willing to invest a thousand of my own to get the bank messenger in line, and it ought not to take much more than that, because his risk is so slight. I have confided in you, because if you are really interested, you could make a big stake and at the same time help me greatly. The only hitch is that so many old and dirty bills would attract attention if circulated in New York, as nearly all the money used here is new and clean, as you may have noticed. In your part of the country, where there is a lot of gold and silver in circulation, a new bill is a rarity, while everybody is used to handling the old, frowsy fellows. Isn't that correct?" The stranger nodded, and the New Yorker continued:

"That's why I want a partner, and if you want to get in on the ground floor, you can have a share of the old money for fifty cents on the dollar, because I can not leave the city for several months, and a half of one of these bundles will be all I can get away with without risking some annoying attention."

### *The Accommodating Bank Messenger*

The session ended with the Westerner hooked, and an agreement that if the New Yorker could negotiate an intimate acquaintance with a bank messenger of the right sort, the scheme would be sprung. Three days later, the victim received a message making an appointment with his open-hearted friend. The rendezvous named was a room in a small hotel tucked coyly away in a stagnant corner of the West Side, but in a most respectable-looking neighborhood.

The New Yorker was waiting, and with him was an alert-looking young man, clad in a neat blue uniform suit, looking the trusted bank messenger from tip to toe.

On a roll-top desk in a corner of the room were two packages, identical in appearance, stamped, sealed, and addressed. The New Yorker was smiling, the messenger seemed a bit nervous, and the eyes of the victim were sticking out of his head, as he saw the evidence of achievement there before him, and within his grasp.

"It's all right," said the New Yorker in greeting. "This young gentleman, the messenger who dropped in for a chat, is in a hurry to make the next train for Washington, as he has to return this evening. He has been away from the bank two hours now, while an expert was making a duplicate, dummy package, with seals and signatures exactly copied. And he made a fine piece of work of it."

He took the "messenger" into a corner, slipped a roll of bills in his hand, and suggested:

"Now that my friend is here and he sees that everything is working so well, you might as well be on your way, and catch that train."

The "messenger" picked up the "dummy" package, examined again the seals and wrappings, and nodded with a smile of approval. Then he tucked it under his arm and vanished.

### *Real Money Used*

The luscious bundle of "old money" was then opened. It was marked "$20,000" on the wrapper, and the Westerner fidgeted with impatience. Yes, there were the dirty, torn, battered bills, and they were genuine money, as to the surface layers, which the New Yorker had been at considerable pains to obtain. The Westerner began to count it, and every bill bore the closest scrutiny, but there was no counterfeiting in this scheme. The artist with whom he was dealing could afford to include $10,000 or $20,000 in real money among the "properties" needed to produce one of his melodramas. The "easy mark" counted $10,000, half the bundle, and handed over $5,000 of his own cash to the New Yorker. Then the deluded one allowed his friend to lend him a small handsatchel, which had been used to hold the "dummy package."

"Take it along to carry the wealth in," suggested the genial New Yorker. "It's awkward making a package of all those small bills. Here's the key. Lock the bag, and when you get to the hotel, you can send it back at your convenience."

The Westerner tucked the real $10,000 in the satchel, and laid it on the roll-top desk, while he picked up his overcoat. At that fatal moment, voices were heard in the hall, and two or three men stopped in front of the room door. The nervous New Yorker said: "Some of my friends, I guess," and tactfully slammed down the top of the desk, on which his share of the plunder was still scattered about.

"Wise precaution," said the Westerner with a smile.


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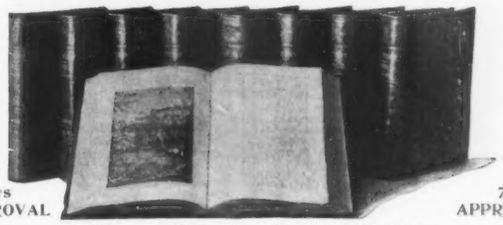

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The voices and the footsteps moved along the hall, and the coast was clear.

"False alarm," said the New Yorker, as he raised the top of the desk, where sat the satchel, just as it had been left. The victim picked it up, and, after an effusive farewell, and a pressing invitation for dinner and a box at the theatre, left the room with the fortune in his hand.

A few minutes later the New Yorker left the hotel. When the victim reached his own hostlery, he slid up to his room, and locked the door behind him, before he undertook to display, count, and gloat over his easily gained $10,000, of which half was the profit of the afternoon. He opened the satchel, and saw a neat bundle of waste paper. When he had quit swearing, he thought it over in a lucid interval, and the conclusion was clear that he could make no move to set the police on the trail of the New Yorker, for both were tarred with the same brush. The victim had conspired to rob a bank, or the United States Treasury, whichever way he looked at it, and the swindler had made himself "immune," so far as this operation was concerned.

It will be seen that his "game" is a variation of the old-fashioned "green goods" process; and the familiar part of the plot is the use of the roll-top desk and the false alarm. A confederate, working from an adjoining room, through a hole in the door, had deftly manipulated the false back of the roll-top desk, and, withdrawing the satchel filled with good money, had substituted a similar satchel filled with waste paper. The assistant was the "bank messenger," who played a double part in the drama of "a fool and his money," and a reprehensible sort of a fool at that, who was ready to swindle, and was hoisted by his own petard.

*The first of this series of stories, which describe the ingenious methods by which the ingenuous American is constantly being swindled, was published in* COLLIER'S *for October 3, under the title of "The Glorified Gold Brick"; the second, "The Sick Mining Engineer," appeared in the issue of October 17; the third, "The Fake Wire-Tapper," in the issue of October 31.*

## THE FLAWLESS EMERALD

*(Continued from Page 19)*

I had often wanted to visit Italy, the home of romance and adventure, and here was my opportunity. By this time, however, I had convinced myself that I had no choice in the matter, and so I determined to positively sail the next morning. I went into my bedroom to begin my preparations for departure, and for the first time observed how the burglar had entered my apartment. He had not even taken the trouble to close the window leading to the fire-escape, up which he had evidently climbed from the court below. Having reached the platform of the fire-escape, nothing could be easier than to enter the bedroom, as the window was usually open, and even when closed had no safety catch. The apartments in my neighborhood were never built for burglars. Or, perhaps, I should say were built expressly for them.

As my boat did not sail until noon the next day, I had plenty of time to do my packing, buy my ticket, take out a modest letter of credit, and at such odd moments as I could find run through the morning papers for any news concerning the loss of Miss Caldara's emerald.

All of them mentioned the fact that the actress had been robbed of a valuable jewel on her way from the stage door to her brougham; some treated the matter most seriously and devoted much space to the details, while others referred to the incident but briefly and with a tinge of suspicion. But I at least knew that this was not the imaginings of a press agent but a bona-fide robbery—two robberies in fact.

My emotions, as I leaned over the rail and watched the steamship back out of the slip, were indeed of a curious mixture. Had it not been for the unfortunate incident of the emerald, my feelings would have been simply those of elation at the prospect of visiting Italy, which I had always longed so to see, but as it was I felt that I was leaving my own dear country under a cloud—a cloud the dimensions and blackness of which might greatly increase before I even reached Naples. My love for romance and adventure seemed to have been entirely eradicated from my system by the events of the night previous. These and many other unpleasant thoughts whirled through my brain as I watched the tiny waves lapping at the side of the great black boat, and I finally turned away from my place at the rail with a heavy heart. I had walked but a few steps along the deck when I came face to face with the younger of the two men I had seen the day before at the club.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)


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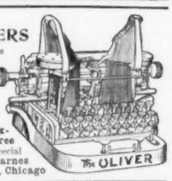




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## THE EASTERN TEAMS

*(Continued from Page 21)*

The University of Pennsylvania had a dispiriting season, particularly disappointing because the men had been set at work earlier than any other team, and their performance in the early part of the fall had indicated reason for considerable hope. At that time their line was built up by more weight than in former seasons, and evidently the principle had been grasped that the line must be made stiff enough for backs to work behind, or else even the most phenomenal players in the back-field positions would be unable to make ground. This power in the line gradually waned from one cause and another until the team that faced Columbia had the bad end of the position; and although odds had been decidedly in favor of Pennsylvania, the blue and white team proved too strong and defeated her decisively. This was the beginning of the end for Pennsylvania.

Protests were made by Harvard against some of Pennsylvania's best players, and although they played in the Harvard contest, one of the strongest, Smith, was withdrawn thereafter owing to discoveries made by the University of Pennsylvania authorities. The result of the Harvard contest deepened the gloom in Philadelphia, and the realization that the match on Thanksgiving Day with Cornell would be against a team which had been likewise beaten by Columbia, and very badly beaten by Princeton, added the crowning climax to the disappointment, because, whichever won, it would have no bearing upon football leadership. As is often the case, however, Pennsylvania, having been forced to abandon the one-man game, and reliance upon Smith, built up in a very short time a far more effective team-play and swamped Cornell with ease in the final game.

Cornell had built up a new team this year, and with very few veterans, and a number of the men just coming in from the high schools, it was hard to get much consistent power into the team. They did not have enough heavy men to build up the line, and it was worse after some of the men were injured. The result was that when they went down to Princeton, although they stood up well for the first ten minutes, after that all was chaos, and the Princetonians ran through and around them almost at will, scoring no less than forty-four points during the afternoon.

Cornell met Columbia before her team had been able to recover from the hammering of the Princeton game, and although the Ithacans took a big brace toward the end of the contest, Columbia had the match safely won. The luckless Cornell team was finally overwhelmed by Pennsylvania, despite the brilliant sallies of Rice.

Annapolis has not yet managed to get out of the depression, incident to two or three years of hard luck in football, nor has she yet mastered the problem of getting a stiff enough line to work behind. Whether this is due to the general lack of heavy men down there, it is impossible as yet to determine, but in a year or two it will be discovered whether there are big enough men in the Annapolis Academy to make a stiff line, or whether Annapolis is always to be weaker in that respect than the army academy. The game with West Point was too one-sided to be interesting, the army winning as it pleased, 40—5.

Two teams among those not so generally known and commented upon stood out with remarkable strength this year—the University of Virginia, with the record of a tie game with Carlisle, and, in New England, Holy Cross, that scored ten points against Yale and played several other most creditable games.

*In next week's* COLLIER'S *Mr. Walter Camp will announce an All-Western Football Team.*

## AN ELECTION INCIDENT

BEING a single man, there was nothing to prevent John Siebert from visiting friends when and where he liked. His home was in a boarding-house in West Fifty-fifth Street in New York, but, although the boarding-house keeper was a friendly soul, still a boarding-house is a boarding-house, and a dinner among friends, if it be a home dinner, is better than all the boarding-house dinners in the world.

And so John Siebert, without saying a word to any one, went off for a visit of several days, and while he was gone Fate went in for a little malicious mischief at his expense.

Now, while no home ties called John Siebert back, he did not forget that he was an American citizen, with the right to vote in a momentous election, and, as he had duly registered, he looked forward with pleasure to casting his vote and thus doing his part to throw off the yoke of existing conditions. John may have been a Republican or a Fusionist, in which case the yoke would be expressed by the still existing power of Tammany. Or it is possible that he was a Tammany man, in which case the yoke would mean Seth Low and his reformers. At any rate, Mr. Siebert gloried

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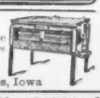

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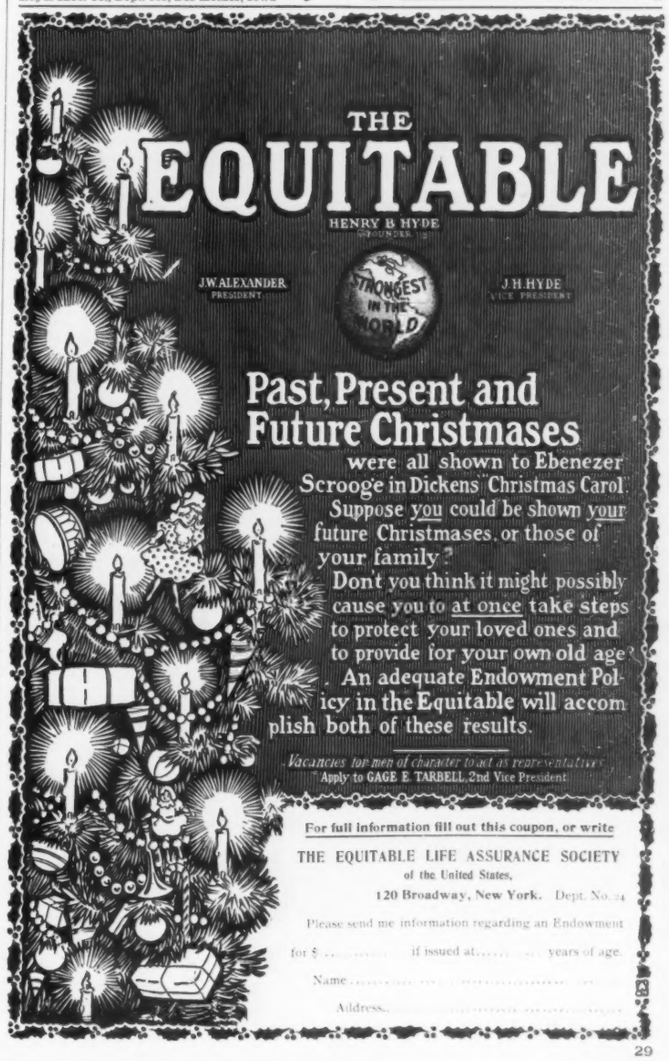

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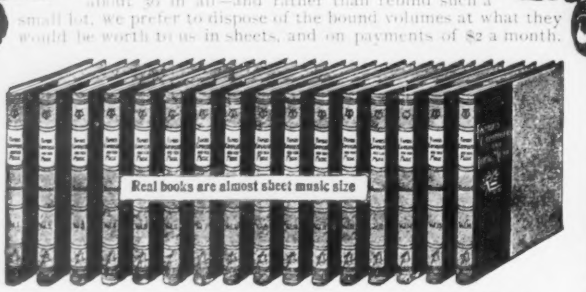


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in his right to vote, and, despite the good time he was having, he took an early train back to the city, and when he arrived, late in the afternoon, he went to the polling-place on Eleventh Avenue.

"What name?"

"John Siebert of so and so West Fifty-fifth Street."

A swift turning of leaves, then a look of astonishment, and then a chuckle.

"Why—er—John Siebert is dead."

"I guess not—not till he's had another vote anyhow," said John, feeling very much alive, for the hot blood of vexation was running free in his veins.

The registrars of election compared lists, and all agreed that John Siebert of so and so West Fifty-fifth Street was as dead as a door nail.

"Do you know better than I do whether I'm dead or not?" said John angrily. "I demand the right to vote."

But his vote was challenged and he was forced to go away. He stood awhile on the sidewalk outside, wondering whether this was a new trick of the opposite party, or whether, like the little woman of nursery fame whose petticoats were cut off at the knees, he was not himself but some one else.

"Wish I'd stayed at Jim's. Lost my vote, lost my holiday, and am dead and buried."

But though dead and buried, he felt hungry, so he went in no amiable frame of mind to his boarding place, and, as he approached the house, he saw a bit of black crape fluttering in the wind.

"Hello, who's dead?" thought he: and then the whimsical idea came into his head that perhaps the election clerks were right and he was dead. He looked around him. It didn't look *much* like his ideas of hell, and it certainly couldn't be heaven. He'd ring the bell, and if St. Peter opened the door he would believe in his own death, although he had not the slightest recollection of having died.

The bell was rung, and the door was opened by—his landlady, who uttered a shriek and reeled against the wall with her eyes popping out of her head.

"What are you staring at? Do I look dead?" said John, and rushed up the stairs to his own room, where he found his most intimate friends gathered around the corpse of ——?

The identity of the corpse may not be known until the Day of Judgment, but it was not long before John learned that the dead man's body had been found in the North River with a paper bearing the address of the boarding-house, and as Mr. Siebert had disappeared, what more natural than to suppose this dead man was he? And, he being dead, his name was crossed off the list of voters.

He looked at the clock. It was too late to establish his identity before the polls were closed, and John, swallowing his vexation as well as he could, said:

"I suppose that, if this poor fellow had had 'White House, Washington, D. C.,' on a card in his pockets, Theodore Roosevelt would not have been allowed to vote."

## OUR NORTHERNMOST POST-OFFICE

THE awakening of the northernmost community that boasts the American flag, a spot upon the map far within the Arctic Circle, has been arranged by Uncle Sam. Away up on the further coast of Alaska is Point Barrow, a community of several hundred souls, that dots the edge of a promontory jutting out into the Arctic Ocean between Pearl Bay and Pease Inlet. Ever since the little settlement grew into being it has slumbered in oblivion most of the year, and completely shut off from communication with the outside world during the long winter months that fill out three-quarters of the year. This December will witness the initiation of a new order of things, for the settlement, unique geographically among the hundred thousand and more towns on the northern half of the American continent, though not vouchsafed a modern postal equipment, will be for the first time in history accessible by mail at infrequent intervals during the dreary winters.

The Government has quietly arranged to have mail for this landmark of high latitude carried to the isolated Point Barrowites by reindeer. Contractors will carry the mails on dog-sleds from Teller Station, near the famous Nome gold fields, to Kotzebue, where our Northwestern territory crosses the Arctic Circle, and new contractors, employing reindeer as motive power, will take the mail from there across the 650 miles that stretch away over the broken mountainous lands and lakes and rivers to Point Barrow. It is the most unique service ever undertaken by the Government, and every trip threatens to be replete with thrilling incidents. Owing to the distances, hardships, and handicaps of various kinds that are involved, there will be only two round trips each during the winters of the next four years, but this will be sufficient to make the hearts of those far-away citizens of the United States "wax exceeding glad." Each summer a revenue cutter is booked to make a single trip to Point Barrow, as an incident to its regular duties, and mail is sometimes sent by whalers that set out for that forsaken nook of the world during the short summer. But the summer service is problematical, on account of the ice that disappears late and gathers early in that quarter, a factor that prevented any revenue cutter from reaching Point Barrow during the summer that has just passed.

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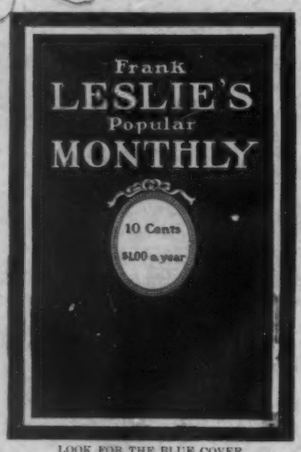


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